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YEAR BOOK

OF

American Clan Gregor Society

1919

*Containing the Proceedings of the
Tenth Annual Gathering, 1919*

EGBERT WATSON MAGRUDER

Editor

*Members Are Requested to Send Notice of Change of Address to the Scribe,
Dr. Jesse Ewell, Ruckersville, Va., and to the Treasurer,
Mr. John E. Muncaster, Rockville, Md.*

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BY

EGBERT WATSON MAGRUDER,

Editor.

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OFFICERS

HEREDITARY CHIEF,

SIR MALCOLM MACGREGOR OF MACGREGOR, BART.,

Edinchip, Balquhiddar, Scotland.

OFFICERS—ELECTED 1919.

DR. EDWARD MAY MAGRUDER.....	<i>Chieftain</i>
CALEB CLARKE MAGRUDER.....	<i>Ranking Deputy Chieftain</i>
DR. JESSE EWELL.....	<i>Scribe</i>
MRS. ROBERTA JULIA (MAGRUDER) BUKEY.....	<i>Registrar</i>
CALVERT MAGRUDER.....	<i>Historian</i>
JOHN EDWIN MUNCASTER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
EGBERT WATSON MAGRUDER.....	<i>Editor</i>
REV. JAMES MITCHELL MAGRUDER.....	<i>Chaplain</i>
DR. STEUART BROWN MUNCASTER.....	<i>Surgeon</i>
ALEXANDER MUNCASTER.....	<i>Chancellor</i>
JOHN BOWIE FERNEYHOUGH.....	<i>Deputy Scribe</i>

COUNCILMEN—APPOINTED 1919.

WILLIAM NEWMAN DORSETT.
 MISS HELEN WOODS MACGREGOR GANTT.
 MRS. LAURA COOK HIGGINS.
 PROF. HENRY BARNETT McDONALD.
 HERBERT THOMAS MAGRUDER.
 HORATIO ERSKINE MAGRUDER.
 OLIVER BARRON MAGRUDER.
 MRS. CAROLINE HILL MARSHALL.
 WILLIAM EDWIN MUNCASTER.
 CLEMENT WILLIAM SHERIFF.

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MAJ. EDWARD MAGRUDER TUTWILER.....	<i>Alabama</i>
RICHARD JOHNSON MAGRUDER.....	<i>Arkansas</i>
ALBERT SIDNEY HILL.....	<i>California</i>
MRS. MATILDA (BEALL) LEWIS.....	<i>Colorado</i>
DONALD FITZ-RANDOLPH MACGREGOR.....	<i>District of Columbia</i>
MRS. CORNELIA FRANCES (MAGRUDER) SESSIONS.....	<i>Florida</i>
ROBERT LEE MAGRUDER.....	<i>Georgia</i>
MRS. STELLA PENDLETON LYLES.....	<i>Illinois</i>
MRS. ELIZABETH (DYSART) LEE.....	<i>Indiana</i>
MRS. MAMIE (BUTTON) FRISBEE.....	<i>Iowa</i>
MISS FRANCES VIRGINIA MAGRUDER.....	<i>Kansas</i>
MRS. FLORENCE MAGRUDER (OFFUTT) STOUT.....	<i>Kentucky</i>
MRS. HENRIETTA KINGSLEY HUTTON BLACK.....	<i>Louisiana</i>
ALVRA W. GREGORY.....	<i>Maine</i>
MISS ELIZA NICHOLSON MAGRUDER.....	<i>Maryland</i>
MISS NANNIE HUGHES MAGRUDER.....	<i>Mississippi</i>
MRS. SUSAN ELIZABETH CHRISTIAN.....	<i>Missouri</i>
MRS. FANNIE EWELL WILSON.....	<i>Montana</i>
MISS CLIFTON ETHEL MAYNE.....	<i>Nebraska</i>
MRS. DOROTHY EDMONSTONE ALLEN.....	<i>New Mexico</i>
WILLIAM MAGRUDER COLEMAN.....	<i>New York</i>
VESALIUS SEAMOUR MAGRUDER.....	<i>Ohio</i>
GEORGE CORBIN WASHINGTON MAGRUDER.....	<i>Oklahoma</i>
LILBURN DUERSON MAGRUDER.....	<i>Pennsylvania</i>
REAR ADMIRAL THOMAS PICKETT MAGRUDER.....	<i>Rhode Island</i>
MRS. MARGARET ROBERTS MCFERRIN.....	<i>Tennessee</i>
MISS MARY HARRELSON MAGRUDER.....	<i>Texas</i>
MRS. MARY (GREGORY) POWELL.....	<i>Virginia</i>
MRS. ELIZABETH HARRISON SNIVELY.....	<i>Washington</i>
HARLAN PAGE MACGREGOR.....	<i>West Virginia</i>
MRS. NANCY GRAHAM (OFFUTT) SIMMONS.....	<i>Wisconsin</i>

COMMITTEE ON MEMBERSHIP.

DR. JESSE EWELL, Scribe.....	<i>Ruckersville, Va.</i>
DR. ED. MAY MAGRUDER, Chieftain.....	<i>Charlottesville, Va.</i>
CALVERT MAGRUDER, Historian.....	<i>Washington, D. C.</i>
MRS. ROBERTA JULIA (MAGRUDER) BUKEY, Registrar.....	<i>Vienna, Va.</i>

SPECIAL COMMITTEES FOR THE GATHERING OF 1920.

I. COMMITTEE AT LARGE.

Dr. William Edward Magruder, Jr.

II. COMMITTEE ON PROGRAM.

Dr. E. M. Magruder.

III. COMMITTEE ON PINE.

Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr.

IV. COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

Miss Helen Woods MacGregor Gantt, Chairman; John Francis MacGregor Bowie, Mrs. J. F. MacGregor Bowie, Miss Jessie Waring Gantt, William Newman Dorsett, Miss Susie Mitchell Dorsett, Mrs. Rose Virginia Golladay, Miss Dorothy Katharine Golladay, Mrs. A. W. W. Sheriff.

V. COMMITTEE ON HOTEL ARRANGEMENTS.

Clement William Sheriff.

VI. COMMITTEE ON DECORATION OF HALL.

Miss Mary Therese Hill, Mrs. Julia (Magruder) MacDonnell, Mrs. Philip Sheriff, Mrs. Anne Wade (Wood) Sheriff.

VII. COMMITTEE ON REGISTRATION.

Oliver Barron Magruder.

VIII. COMMITTEE ON HONOR ROLL.

Dr. E. M. Magruder, Chairman; Mrs. R. J. M. Bukey, Mrs. L. C. Higgins, Rev. J. M. Magruder, C. C. Magruder, Jr.

PROCEEDINGS OF 1919

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30.

3:00 to 5:00 P. M.—REGULAR SESSION.

Music, "Hail to the Chief," as officers enter hall preceded by bearer with American flag.

Society called to order by Chieftain, Dr. Ed. M. Magruder.

Invocation by Chaplain, Rev. Jas. M. Magruder, D. D.

Music.

Report of Scribe, Dr. Jesse Ewell.

Report of Treasurer, John E. Muncaster.

Report of Registrar, Mrs. R. J. Bukey.

Music.

Report of Editor, Egbert W. Magruder.

Report of Historian (Reading of Memorials), Caleb C. Magruder, Jr.

Report of Committee on Honor Roll, by Chairman, Dr. Ed. M. Magruder.

Unfinished Business.

New Business.

Presentation of Service Flag by "The Captain Joseph Magruder Chapter of D. A. R."

Acceptance of Service Flag for A. C. G. So. by Chaplain.

Music.

Adjournment till 8 P. M.

8:00 P. M.—HONOR ROLL SESSION.

Music, "America."

Entrance during music of:

"Columbia," Mrs. Grace (MacGregor) Wood, and "Liberty," Miss Dorothy Lawrence Higgins, bearing the United States Flag, and "Victory," Miss Jessie Waring Gantt, and "Peace," Miss Elizabeth Shaw, bearing the Service Flag, who take front seats on each side of aisle, followed by Committee on Honor Roll, who take seats on stage, followed by Members of Honor Roll, who take front seats on each side of aisle, followed by Officers of Society, who take seats behind Members of Honor Roll.

Invocation by Chaplain, Rev. Jas. M. Magruder, D. D.

Music, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War."

Annual Address, "Liberty" (Dedicated to the Mothers of our Society and to the Members of its Honor Roll), by Chief-tain, Dr. Ed. M. Magruder.

Music, Vocal Solo, "MacGregor's Gathering," by John F. M. Bowie.

Reading of Honor Roll Resolution, Eligibility Requirements, and Honors to be Conferred on Members of Honor Roll, by Rev. Jas. M. Magruder, D. D.

Music, Vocal Solo, "Mother of Mine," by Miss Evelina Norris Magruder.

Reading of Names of Members of Honor Roll, by C. C. Magruder, Jr.

Music, Vocal Solo, "Hail to the Victors," (this song was composed for the occasion by Mrs. Julia Magruder Tyler Otey, Ex-member of this Society), by John F. MacGregor Bowie.

Presentation of Medals to Members of Honor Roll, by Chief-tain, Dr. Ed. M. Magruder.

Reply for Members of Honor Roll, by Lieut. Calvert Magruder.

Music, "Star Spangled Banner," during which both flags are waved over Members of Honor Roll.

Song, "Bubbles," by little Miss Claire Cesford.

Adjournment till 3:00 P. M. Friday,

Reception to Members of Honor Roll.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31.

3:00 to 5:00 P. M.—REGULAR SESSION:

Music.

Original Poem, "Rob Roy," by Donald F. MacGregor.

Paper, "Ancestry," by G. C. W. Magruder.

Music.

New Business.

Election of Officers.

Music.

Unfinished Business.

Adjournment till 8:00 P. M.

8:00 P. M.—REGULAR SESSION:

Music.

Paper, "Harriet Cook Robertson," by Wm. E. Muncaster.

Sword Dance.

Music.

Paper. "Alpin MacAlpin, Gregor MacGregor, Magruder, My Race is Royal," by C. C. Magruder.

Music.

Paper, "Fragments from an Old Virginia Home," by Mrs. Anne
L. C. Birkhead.

Volunteer Paper, "John Leonard Rodgers, Jr.," by Herbert T.
Magruder.

Final Adjournment.

General Reception.

HAIL TO THE VICTORS

By MRS. JULIA MAGRUDER TYLER OTEY.

1. From every field and glen
Went Gregor fighting men
Prompt to the call.
Cheering they marched away,
Honor has called they say,
War is the only way
Lest Freedom fall.
2. Earth, Air, and Sea, we scan,
There see a Gregor man
With honor fair.
Proudly our Clan can show
Wherever warriors go,
Facing a mighty foe,
Gregor was there.
3. Now, since the war is won,
Lives every gallant son
Deep in our heart.
Home kept their Honor Roll,
Home taught a hero's goal,
Home trained each noble soul
Well in his part.
4. Hail to the Victors! Now
Haloed on every brow
Glow's Freedom's light.
Grim war shall be no more,
Fear dies at every door,
Hearths are from hence secure.
God blessed our fight.

MINUTES OF THE GATHERING OF THE AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY

OCTOBER 30-31, 1919.

The Tenth Annual Gathering of the American Clan Gregor Society was called to order by the Chieftain, Dr. E. M. Magruder, at 3 o'clock P. M., October 30, 1919.

The session was opened with prayer by the Chaplain, the Rev. James M. Magruder, D. D.

The report of the Treasurer, Mr. John E. Muncaster, was read and accepted. This report showed the Society to be in a healthy financial condition and having sufficient funds to meet its obligations.

The Historian, Mr. C. C. Magruder, Jr., read memorials of John Smith Magruder Ewell and Miss Mary Blanche Magruder. These memorials were ordered printed in the Year Book.

The report of the Editor, E. W. Magruder, was read and accepted.

The report of the Honor Roll Committee was read by its Chairman, Dr. E. M. Magruder. This report was accepted and ordered filed.

On motion of Mr. H. E. Magruder, it was resolved that the Editor publish an abstract of each Annual Gathering in the Year Book of that year.

On behalf of the Captain Joseph Magruder Chapter of D. A. R., Mrs. Blanche Turner Strong presented to this Society in an appropriate address a beautiful silk Service Flag. This was accepted for the Society by the Rev. J. M. Magruder.

On motion of Miss Hill it was resolved that the Scribe be instructed to send a letter of thanks to the Joseph Magruder Chapter of D. A. R. for the Service Flag presented to this Society.

The Society was then adjourned to meet at 8 o'clock P. M.

The Gathering was called to order at 8:00 P. M., October 30th, by the Chieftain.

During the singing of "America" the following ladies in costume entered the hall:

Mrs. Grace (MacGregor) Wood, as "Columbia;"

Miss Dorothy Lawrence Higgins, with the United States Flag, representing "Liberty;"

Miss Jessie Waring Gantt as "Victory;"

Miss Elizabeth Shaw as "Peace."

These were followed by the Committee on Honor Roll and the officers of the Society, who escorted the Honor Roll members to seats at the front.

The song, "Hail to the Victors," composed by Mrs. Julia Magruder Tyler Otey, was sung by J. F. McG. Bowie.

The annual address was then delivered by the Chieftain, Dr. E. M. Magruder.

Following the address of the Chieftain, Mr. J. F. McG. Bowie sang "MacGregor's Gathering."

Mr. C. C. Magruder, Jr., then read the Honor Roll Resolution, Eligibility Requirements, and Honors to be conferred on members of the Honor Roll.

A vocal solo, "Mother of Mine," was charmingly rendered by Miss Evelina Norris Magruder, and was greatly enjoyed by all present.

The names of the members on the honor roll were then read by Mr. C. C. Magruder, Jr., and medals were presented by the Chieftain to those present.

Lieutenant Calvert Magruder then made a most happy and fitting reply on behalf of the Honor Roll Members.

A report of the casualties of the MacGergors and the honors they have won in the World War as reported by the Treasurer of the Clan Gregor Society, of Scotland, was read by the Chieftain.

After the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by the Society and the song, "Bubbles," by Claire Cesford, the Society was adjourned to meet at 3 o'clock P. M., Friday.

OCTOBER 31.

The Gathering was called to order at 3 o'clock P. M., October 31st, by the Chieftain.

Mr. Donald F. MacGregor read his inspiring poem, "Rob Roy," to an appreciative audience.

A letter from Mr. G. C. W. Magruder, Deputy Chieftain, for Oklahoma, was read by Mr. C. C. Magruder, Jr.

The following changes in the rules were proposed in a resolution offered by Mr. H. E. Magruder, and signed by—

H. E. Magruder,	J. M. Magruder,
Miss Evelina Norris Magruder,	Miss Laura Cooke Higgins,
Donald F. R. MacGregor,	E. M. Magruder.
Mrs. Sallie M. Stewart,	J. B. Ferneyhough,
W. R. Magruder,	Wm. E. Muncaster.

Resolved, that Rule VII, Section 1, be amended to read: "The Society shall hold an Annual Gathering on the second Thursday and Friday of every November in the city of Washington, D. C.

Rule IV, Section 4, shall be amended to read: "Application for membership of persons under twenty-one years of age shall be made by one of their natural or legal guardians."

Rule III, Section 3, shall be amended to read: "Persons eligible for minor membership are those under the age of twenty-one years who are de-

scended from lineal members. At the age of twenty-one years they become voting members. All members over sixteen years of age who pay their dues may become voting members."

After some discussion these resolutions were adopted and the changes in the rules ordered.

It was moved by Mr. C. C. Magruder, Jr., and seconded by Mr. J. B. Ferneyhough, that the rules as amended be printed in the next Year Book and a supply of extra copies be printed to be given to new members. This was carried.

The Society then proceeded to the election of officers, and on motion of Mr. Calvert Magruder, duly seconded, all the old officers, with the exception of the Historian, who declined nomination, were elected for the ensuing year.

Mr. Wm. E. Muncaster nominated Miss Maude Ewell for the position of Historian. Mr. Calvert Magruder was also nominated for this position. Messrs. C. C. Magruder, Jr., J. M. Magruder, and J. B. Ferneyhough were appointed tellers and the election was held which resulted in the election of Mr. Calvert Magruder as Historian, for the ensuing year.

There being no further business, the Gathering adjourned to meet at 8 o'clock P. M.

The Gathering was called to order by the Chieftain at 8:00 o'clock P. M., October 31st.

An interesting paper on "Harriet Cook Robertson," was read by Mr. Wm. E. Muncaster.

Mr. C. C. Magruder's paper, "Alpin MacAlpin, Gregor, MacGergor, Magruder, My Race is Royal," was read by the Rev. Jas. M. Magruder.

On motion of the Rev. J. M. Magruder a vote of thanks was extended Mr. C. C. Magruder for his interesting paper. He was also voted the best wishes of this Society for his full and speedy recovery from his recent illness.

The paper, "Fragments from an Old Virginia Home," by Mrs. A. L. C. Birkhead, was read by E. W. Magruder.

A paper on John Leonard Rodgers, Jr., was read by Mr. Herbert P. Magruder.

The Chieftain announced the appointment of Wm. E. Muncaster and Herbert T. Magruder as Councilmen to fill the vacancies created by the death of Miss Mary Blanche Magruder and the election of Mr. Calvert Magruder to the position of Historian.

The Chieftain also announced that the Deputy Chieftain for Florida was now Mrs. Wm. C. Sessions, and that there is no Deputy Chieftain for Oregon, Dr. George Mason Magruder being now stationed in Virginia.

The Gathering was then adjourned.

J. BOWIE FERNEYHOUGH,
Deputy Scribe.

REPORT OF TREASURER, OCTOBER 30, 1919

At this tenth Gathering of the Society a short account of the growth of the Society from the Treasurer's standpoint may be interesting to the members and give them some information that seems necessary for an understanding of the vagaries of a Treasurer who makes out notices of dues by fits and starts. The office was handed over to me in 1912. I do not seem to have had any balance turned over with it, but there were a large number of arrears and some of them are still arrears. I crossed about 40 off my rolls this year and have quit wasting postage on them. The interested members got caught up in a couple of years, and most of them manage to write to the Treasurer at least once a year.

There were on the Registrar's roll at the last report 510 names. Of these there are about 45 minor members who do not count with the Treasurer. It is a great stunt to put the young ones in and carry them on the roll, but when they reach the age of 16*, it seems, in most cases to give the proud parent a case of paralysis, and he generally writes, "please drop the name of my son from the rolls until he is old enough to pay his own dues," and he never gets old enough, so minor members do not count. Over 40 members have passed away since the organization of the Society, 35 have tendered their resignation in due form and broken off all relations with the Treasurer and about 33 broke off relations without any formal resignation. In fact, some of them never had any relations with the Treasurer. This adds up about 150, and leaves about 350 active members who contribute to the cause. Of these about 130 are men, and 230 are women. At the rate of dues specified in the by-laws this will give a total income of about \$490.00 annually. (You will notice I say "about." This is because the list changes all the time and no man can keep it exactly). The income is about \$490.00, if every one pays up in full, and a great many do not.

The annual outlay for printing, postage and other expenses runs along \$375.00 to \$400.00, so there is not much left to report on.

Since the last report I have the honor to make the following statement:

Balance on hand October 25, 1917.....	\$ 215 58
From dues 1917, and before.....	440 00
From dues 1918.....	114 00
From dues of 1919.....	23 00
From Year Books sold.....	6 50
From interest Liberty bond.....	2 00
From interest bank deposit.....	4 76
	<hr/> \$805 84

*At the Gathering of 1919, the rule regarding minor members was changed so that they do not have to pay dues until they are twenty-one. See minutes, page 11.—[Editor.]

PAID OUT.

For Liberty bond.....	\$ 50 00
For expense Gathering 1917.....	41 36
For postage Scribe, 1917.....	15 59
For postage Editor, 1917.....	30 94
For postage Treasurer, 1917.....	12 14
For postage Editor, 1918.....	18 10
For postage Treasurer, 1918.....	10 38
For Year Book 1916.....	202 21
For Year Book 1917.....	206 00
For Stationery.....	41 00
For programs, cards, etc, 1917.....	19 63
For Honor Roll expense.....	66 00
	<hr/> \$713 35
Balance.....	\$ 92 51

There is still a balance due on the Honor Roll work, but when the bill came in the amount paid cleaned up the pile and the balance on hand has come in in the past two or three days. There is also still outstanding a couple of printing bills amounting to \$20.42, leaving in sight \$72.09.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN E. MUNCASTER,
Treasurer.

NUMBER OF MEMBERS PRESENT AND STATES
REPRESENTED AT GATHERING
OF 1919

Colorado.....	1
District of Columbia.....	50
Georgia.....	1
Iowa.....	1
Kentucky.....	5
Maryland.....	33
New York.....	2
Virginia.....	17
Total.....	<hr/>

“ L I B E R T Y ”

DEDICATED TO THE MOTHERS
OF OUR SOCIETY AND TO THE
MEMBERS OF ITS HONOR ROLL

Annual Address of the Chieftain, DR. E. M. MAGRUDER.

In all wars women as well as men bear burdens—burdens of anxiety, grief, and sorrow, of starvation, degradation, and horrors unspeakable, no less terrible than marches, wounds, death, and captivity. And so I have taken the liberty of dedicating this paper to the mothers of our Society as well as to its fighting men, the members of its Honor Roll.

There is a word, called in our language, *Liberty*, that probably carries with it greater significance than almost any other in the world, and, when once engrafted in the minds and hearts of a people, has produced greater upheavals and more radical readjustments of conditions than the mandates of kaisers or the enactments of parliaments. It has aroused whole races with a sense of the wrongs perpetrated upon them; it has made tyrants tremble on their thrones and flee the wrath they knew would pursue them; it has given new life and energy to the down-trodden and despairing; it has shone as a star of hope when all else seemed despair and gloom and has pointed the way to happiness, prosperity and power.

And what is *Liberty*? *Liberty* is the right to come and go as one chooses and enjoy the fruits of one's labors and the communion of family and friends without let or hindrance, but with due regard for the rights of others.

Liberty has brought more blessings to the human race than all the discoveries and inventions that have ever been achieved, and has prompted man in all ages to the accomplishment of great deeds; and even among the lower animals we see the potent influence of its loss.

What makes the captive lion restlessly pace his narrow confines, and the wild bird beat out its life against its cage, and the fish strive to free itself from the net? The Love of Liberty.

Why is it the American Red Man has never made a profitable slave, but, like the wild bird, pines away in captivity?

Why was the victory of Marathon, where a handful of freedom loving Greeks overthrew the enslaved hosts of Persia numbering “sixteen to one,” and freed their land from the danger of Oriental despotism?

What caused Queen Boadicea to marshal the wild tribes of Britain and perish in glorious defeat rather than submit to Roman arrogance?

What prompted the gladiator, Spartacus, to lead the slaves of Rome against the Mistress of the World at the cost of his own life and that of his followers?

What induced Arnold Winkelreid, the Swiss patriot, to gather to his breast an armful of Austrian spears in order to make a way, through hostile ranks, for Liberty?

What influenced Andreas Hofer, of the Tyrol, to defy the great Napoleon and die a traitor's death?

What moved the small Scottish nation to dare the power of England at the risk of annihilation, and what impelled Clan Gregor to strive for five generations against overwhelming odds rather than bow to injustice and wrong?

To all these questions the answer is, the Love of that something called Liberty.

There has been implanted in the breasts of every living thing, from the lowest beast of the field—the Germans excepted—to the highest of Heaven's creations, the Love of Liberty, and since the world began MAN has freely sacrificed all his worldly worth and life itself for the achievement, preservation, or recovery, of this, his greatest blessing.

MAN, it seems, in the earliest times, had no liberty or lost it and became subject, body and soul, to tyrants, who exercised the power of life and death over those under them, as is proved by all ancient and medieval literature: Witness:

Pharoah's murder of the Hebrew children, Nebuchadnezzar's order for the extermination of the Israelites of Babylon, Herod's destruction of the babes of Bethlehem, Cleopatra's poisoning of her slaves in order to test the virulence of the poison, Nero's wholesale slaughter of the early Christians, the Monarch's power generally, in those early times, over the lives and fortunes of his subjects—and so on down through the Dark and Middle Ages, when there was no protection to life and property, to the horrible atrocities committed in the thirteenth century upon the Albigenses of France, Phillip the Second of Spain's decree ordering the massacre of the whole population of the Low Countries (Holland and Belgium), the massacre, in 1572, by Charles the Ninth, of the French Huguenots on Saint Bartholomew's Day—all because of a difference of religion.

During all these times and as far back as history goes true Liberty was dead, or had never been born, and the world was peopled by but two classes, the Oppressor, who wielded unlimited and self-assumed power, and the Oppressed, who had no recourse but abject submission to the will of the Oppressor.

There were, it is true, occasional though ineffectual attempts at amelioration of such intolerable conditions. We see this in the right of asylum at the Jewish altars to shield him who had shed blood from the blood-avenger, who followed close at his heels; the right of franchise in ancient Athens, by means of which crimes against the State were punishable by a vote of banishment of the people; the appointment of tribunes in ancient Rome to protect the poor from persecution by the rich; the "Trial by Ordeal" among the ancient Britons which compelled the accused to clear himself by walking

barefoot and blindfold among heated stones; the North American Indian's habit of giving prisoners a chance for liberty by "running the gauntlet." All these, however, were but manifestations of the inadequacy of the times to meet requirements and led to nothing practical.

Possession of the most valuable things of life is obtained only by the most difficult means. He who wishes gold or the diamond must first brave the ice and snows of Alaska or Africa's heat and thirst. So MAN'S most valuable possession, Liberty, which has been enjoyed by only a *portion of the world*, was won by an unsurpassed prodigality of blood and effort.

It fell to the lot of three modern nations (England, America and France), each by its own innate force, to take the first steps toward the attainment of popular liberty, and in each case the object was attained by force of arms against the despot's power, ever strongly entrenched in old-time custom; and these three nations formed its chief bulwark against the tremendous power of the Teutonic Alliance that sought to destroy their hard-won unalienable right of man.

To the English race belongs the glory of being the first to lay a permanent foundation for Liberty, and of making the first permanent advance along the road to its achievement; for when the Barons at Runnymede, in 1215, outfaced King John, the foulest beast that ever befouled a throne, and forced from him the grandest document of the ages, Magna Charta, with its protection of life, liberty, and property, was born to shed its blessings for all time. Thenceforward the English race has kept its eye steadfastly fixed upon the goal of Liberty, and has steadily risen to the highest pinnacle of freedom, prosperity and power.

To Americans belong the second great stride toward Liberty when, in 1776, their immortal Declaration of Independence promulgated to the world that "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness, were the alienable rights of man," and that "All governments derived their just powers from the consent of the governed"; and when, with the aid of France, they dared maintain those rights against mighty odds of wealth, resources and numbers, the United States arose triumphant, the first nation of History with a constitution founded upon Liberty, Justice, and Equality before the Law, and a "Government of the people, by the people, for the people."

The third great step along this line was taken when the French National Assembly, in 1789, following in the wake of America, published that great exposition, "The Rights of Man," declaring that "Sovereignty resides in and emanates from the nation, that freedom consists in doing everything which does not injure another, and that the exercise of natural rights has no other limit than their interference with the rights of others." To attain the goal set for herself France was compelled to follow a road beset with many a pitfall—the French Revolution, the horror of history before the World War, the Empire of Napoleon with its constant wars, the reigns of three idiot Bourbon Kings, and a profligate Second Empire under Napoleon the Third. Since then she has taken her rightful place among the ever in-

creasing galaxy of nations that have forever forsworn the shackles of royal tyranny.

No principle of Popular Liberty has ever emanated from the purely Germanic races; even after the victory of the German Arminius, in the year 9 A. D., which freed Germany from the Roman Menace, his own people slew their deliverer and settled down into ruthless barbarism to produce the Vandals of a later date. And so on down the centuries the German governments have been despotic; and though the struggles of neighboring nations for freedom should have enlisted their sympathies, German troops were employed to suppress them. Even from the American and French Revolutions, which placed America and France in the front rank of free States, the Germans learned almost nothing of Liberty and when Napoleon's grip was broken, Prussia, inspired by despotic Russia and Austria, joined the Holy Alliance, which was anything but holy, and whose object was to crush free aspirations and preserve absolute monarchies the world over. From that time to this the Germans have been clogs to the chariot wheels of freedom. (Great Britain and France also joined the Holy Alliance, but soon withdrew).

And now at the beginning of the twentieth century we have seen reenacted the world-old struggle for Liberty—a struggle, on the one side, for its destruction by the members of the Teutonic Alliance (Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey), which have never enjoyed its blessings, and on the other hand, for its preservation by the nations that were foremost in its attainment (Great Britain, America and France, to which may be added Italy, Belgium, Serbia, Roumania, and others).

We see then that not all the world, even before the late war, had yet come into possession of the priceless jewel of Liberty, and the portion that was free was, during the past five years, in the greatest danger of losing it; nor will they be safe unless the Teutonic beast is kept shackled and helpless. This war has decided the fate of the world for the next thousand years and the time of its duration will stand forth as the most momentous of History. The powers of Liberty and Enlightenment, of Justice, Honor, and Mercy, have been leagued against the powers of Tyranny, Oppression, and Degradation, and the man who has aided in overthrowing the latter deserves a place in the Hall of Fame ahead of Hannibal, Napoleon, Columbus, Shakespeare, Morse, Fulton and Marconi.

At the entrance to New York harbor stands the great statue of a woman holding aloft in the right hand a torch, as if to illumine the four quarters of the earth. It is called "Liberty Enlightening the World," the gift of ever-glorious France, in 1884, to her old comrade in arms, the United States of America.

No more delicate compliment could be paid by one nation to another, nor could a more appropriate sentiment be pledged, for it was America's Independence Declaration that first enlightened the world with a correct definition of Liberty, and she is now recognized as its foremost champion, as well as asylum for oppressed peoples.

Love of Liberty was, it seems, from the first inborn in American nature and ingrained in the character of the American people, for it shone forth in Virginia in the first century of her existence when Bacon's Rebellion of the year 1676 against the tyrannical exactions of the royal governor, Berkeley, flared up as a warning to royal minions; and though it was seemingly extinguished, it only smoldered, and the American Revolution that followed a century later was but the culmination of long pent-up aspirations. Hence it may truthfully be said that Americans understand and tolerate no other mode of life or form of government than one permitting the utmost freedom and liberty of action compatible with the rights of others.

It is therefore difficult for Americans to understand the lack of these in others, and when the shadow of Teutonic Thralldom loomed large upon the horizon and threatened a second deluge of the world worse than the first, American manhood rushed to arms and interposed itself as a buckler between the gory "Beast of Berlin" and his intended victims.

Already we hear from the gallant French army that, at the Second Battle of the Marne (also called Chateau-Thierry), in 1918, the American Soldier saved Paris; and now, with no underestimate of the magnificent part played by our courageous allies, it can with equal truth be said that America saved the world from the greatest calamity that ever threatened it—German domination. For human effort and ability can avail so much and no more, and against overpowering odds the limit of Allied endeavor had almost been reached when America joined their cause. But the way to success, paved with Allied dead, had already in great measure been prepared, and America, casting in her sword at the critical time, turned the scales in favor of Victory and Liberty.

It was, likewise, wholly unthinkable that you, O mothers of our Society' who had for long been reaping the golden fruits of Liberty and enjoying their delights, would tamely submit to having it torn from your grasp while you had sons and grandsons, descendants of those who, through toil and blood, had blasted the way to its acquirement; but when the question of protecting your liberty arose your answer was read in the earnest work you did in its cause, in the bands of gallant boys you sent to the war, and in the backward flight of the Hun toward the Rhine. For ever thus has American womanhood risen in time of stress to meet emergency, and when you gave your sons to this war you aided in preserving God's greatest gift to man and one without which life is not worth living—Liberty, liberty to come and go as one chooses and enjoy the fruits of one's labors and the communion of family and friends without let or hindrance, but with due regard for the rights of others.

Likewise in the years to come will it be for you a perpetual source of pride to be able to point to these young men and say, "They were of those who helped to save the world"; and if a lonely mound or headstone marks their last resting place either in this country or in foreign lands, you can live in the proud consciousness that their names will be honored for all time as

of the immortal heroes, their graves will be kept green with tears of love, gratitude and sympathy, even of alien peoples, and you as well as they, will receive the credit of duty faithfully performed. For every man in the American and Allied armies and every mother who had a son in those armies should consider it the highest honor and privilege to have served against and overthrown the great enemy of mankind, the execrable Hohenzollern, who would have trampled upon and destroyed the glorious achievements of the liberty-loving peoples.

And now you members of the Honor Roll' The backbone and sinew of a people is estimated by its young manhood; the strength of a nation, other things being equal, depends upon the number of *young* men it can summon to arms; for it is the *young* men who have the enthusiasm, endurance, and recuperative power, necessary for success in war, in far greater degree than older men, though they are not necessarily more courageous, the influence of heredity being all-powerful.

When your country called you to arms and your patriotic mothers speeded your departure to the war, it was with the implied Spartan injunction, "Return with your shields or upon them." This, translated into modern sentiment, means "Victory or Death."

One of the nearest parallels to this can be found in the Frescatti family of Magruders, your kinsmen, which gave to the Condeferacy five sons, all of whom obeyed the mandate of the shield, as three were killed and two desperately wounded in battle.

How well young American manhood remembered and responded to the patriotism of their mothers, was demonstrated in the camps of this country and France, and on many a hard fought field, there deciding the fate of the world, that it should be free, and establishing in foreign lands respect for American energy, capability, and prowess.

The American army, raised and trained during the World War, was essentially a young army, and the adaptability, courage and dash, of that army was the wonder of Europe. In March's "History of the World War," recently published, the statement is made that, "At no time and in no place in the World War did the American forces retreat before the German hosts." Continuing, the same writer says, "In the latter days of May, 1919, the Allied forces in France seemed near defeat. The Germans were steadily driving toward Paris with the French and British steadily falling back. The anxiety of the Allies throughout the world was indescribable. This was the Great German 'Victory Drive,' and each day registered a new Allied defeat. Newspaper headlines were almost despairing."

Then in the same month, toward its end, appeared the one bright spot amid all this gloom, the battle of Cantigny, resulting in victory for American arms, the first purely American offensive. It was a modest affair, and covered a front of only one and a quarter miles, but it was the handwriting on the wall, and in commenting on it the London Evening News said: "The short story of this fight is going to expand into a full length novel, which will write the doom of the Kaiser and Kaiserism."

In speaking of the battle of Chateau-Thierry, the first American offensive on a large scale, March says, "There, at the very critical point of the Great German Drive, they (the Americans) not only checked the enemy, but by a dashing attack turned him back. This may be said to be the turning point in the whole war. It not only stopped the German drive at this point, but it gave new courage to the Allies and took the heart out of the Germans"; and from that time to the end the prophecy of the London paper was fulfilled, as Allied victory and German retreat were continuous and uninterrupted. Among many authorities on this war there is little doubt that, but for American intervention, Germany would have won. Thus the "Little cloud no larger than a man's hand," appearing to the Germans at Cantigny in May, soon began to expand and by November had covered the whole heavens with the pall of German defeat.

At the conclusion of the annual address of the Chieftain in 1915, occur these prophetic words, "Should the war cloud, now spreading its pall over Europe, extend its baleful shadow to our shores, and should our Great Chief in the White House send forth the 'Fiery Cross' for a Gathering of Americans in defense of home and liberty, the battle field and hospital will again bear testimony to the courage, constancy and devotion of our American Clansmen."

An examination of the muster rolls of our army will show that, with one accord, the youth of our Society responded to the call of the "Fiery Cross" even as they did in the olden times. And you, O sons and daughters of our Society, when you made sure the endurance of Liberty upon the earth, won for yourselves a crown of glory and righteousness.

Modern warfare is conducted in a manner far different from the methods employed in former times. Owing to the vastly smaller numbers employed in former wars and the comparatively simple character of the work required to be done, relatively few of the men called into service escaped exposure to enemy fire. But *now* the dragnet of universal conscription takes in practically the whole male population; huge armies of men have to be kept in reserve in training camps to supply the waste of war; the stupendous requirements of the numerous industries necessary to supply the armies and navies employ other thousands. Hence when there are millions of men in the service of their country employed in so many different capacities there is necessarily a large per cent that never come under fire.

The United States Government makes no distinction between the men in its service in regard to the part they took in the war or whether jeopardy of life was involved in the discharge of duty or not. A letter from the Adjutant-General says: "The War Department does not desire to belittle in any way the service performed by anyone, as it realizes that every person who entered the service of his country during the present (recent) war helped to bring that war to a successful termination."

I am proud to know, and this Society will be proud to learn, that some of you were at Chateau-Thierry, Belleau Wood, St. Mihiel, the Argonne,

and the Meuse, and distinguished yourselves there by winning honors and promotion. And, while you were blazing the trail of heroic achievement in those distant lands, be assured the eyes of your clansmen at home were watching you with pride and with the confidence that you would prove yourselves worthy sons of your race.

To those of you, who through no fault of your own, failed of active participation on the field of battle, I can with confidence say that you aided in the accomplishment of victory no less than those who were under fire; for the mere knowledge by the Germans of your presence in camp, of your activities along other lines, and of your preparedness to go to the front if needed, helped to break their morale and defeat them.

And, likewise, your Clansmen and your country are none the less proud of *your* service, being confident that, had the opportunity been yours, you would have rendered an equally heroic account of yourselves as those who went to the front. Your patriotism and courage are therefore accounted second to those of none, as it was merely the accident of circumstance that kept you out of the cannon-ball's path.

Now the American Clan Gregor Society has decided to form an Honor Roll of the names of those of its sons and daughters who, in accordance with the Eligibility Requirements adopted, are deserving of honor.

In addition to enrollment on the Honor Roll, it has likewise been decided that the "Record of Service" of each member so enrolled shall be published in the Year Book and that he or she shall be represneted on the "Service Flag" of the Society by a star, and presented with a bronze medal commemorative of his or her service to country in time of need; and though this medal may not have much intrinsic worth, yet the sentiment it conveys should make it more valuable than rubies and render it an heir-loom to be proudly transmitted to generations yet unborn.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON HONOR ROLL

At the Gathering of the American Clan Gregor Society in 1917 a resolution was passed providing that, "The Chieftain shall appoint a Committee of five, consisting of himself as Chairman and four others member, two ladies and two gentlemen, whose duty it shall be to form an Honor Roll, of those members of this Society who are serving and who may serve in the World War."

The following members were appointed on this Committee, to-wit: E. M. Magruder, Chairman, Jas. Mitchell Magruder, C. C. Magruder, Jr., Mrs. R. J. Bukey and Mrs. Laura C. Higgins.

A careful study of the Honor Roll resolution mentioned above convinces the Committee that eligibility founded thereon would not be sufficiently comprehensive and far-reaching to meet the requirements of the Society; therefore the Committee has thought it wise to place a very liberal interpretation upon the said resolution in order to extend the scope of the Eligibility requirements to be deduced therefrom.

The Committee, after holding several meetings at the Ebbitt Hotel in Washington, D. C., and corresponding among themselves, adopted resolutions as follows, to-wit:

1. That the Committee on Honor Roll shall be a standing Committee, and vacancies therein shall be filled by appointment by the Chieftain.
2. That three members of this Committee shall constitute a quorum to transact business, which shall be done by a majority vote.

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS.

3. That persons eligible for enrollment on the Honor Roll of the American Clan Gregor Society shall be—

Members of this Society who, while serving in the military or naval forces of the United States or of any Allied or Associated Power or in any civil capacity, have in a worthy cause, either voluntarily or in the discharge of duty, jeopardized their lives or the discharge of whose duty might have jeopardized their lives.

4. That the Committee shall decide all questions of eligibility for enrollment on the Honor Roll and shall submit the names of all persons, found eligible, to the Society.

5. That the name, address, and record of service, of each person whose name appears on the Honor Roll, shall be published in the Year Book of this Society, and the record of service of each shall be deposited in the archives of the same.

6. That the Committee shall secure for the Society a Service Flag consisting of a white field with a red border, and each person whose name

is on the Honor Roll shall be represented on the Service Flag by a gold star, provided he or she suffered loss of life, and by a blue star in case of survival

7. That the Committee shall also have made for the Society a sufficient number of bronze medals, shield-shaped, and showing upon the front, the colors of the United States Flag around the border, a green Scotch pine tree in the middle, a star (either gold, silver, or bronze, as hereinafter provided) in the center, and the words "American Clan Gregor Society" in the colored border, "World War" just above the tree, and "Service" just below the tree, and the figures "1917" to the left of the tree, and the figures "1918" to the right of the tree.

8. That one of the aforesaid medals shall be presented to each member of the Honor Roll and to the nearest relative of each person whose name is on the Honor Roll and who suffered loss of life.

In the case of a person whose name is on the Honor Roll and who suffered loss of life under the conditions set forth in Eligibility Requirements, one of the aforesaid medals with a gold star in the center shall be presented to the nearest relative of the deceased; in case the service rendered was overseas the medal presented shall have a silver star in the center; and in case the service was not overseas the medal shall have a bronze star in the center. The name of each person in whose honor a medal is presented by this Society shall be engraved upon the back of the medal.

MEMBERS OF THE HONOR ROLL OF THE AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY

The following named members of the American Clan Gregor Society have been placed on the Honor Roll of that Society in recognition of valuable service rendered, in jeopardy of life, to their respective countries during the World War. The honors conferred by this Society upon these members are, a bronze medal suitably stamped and engraved, representation upon the Service Flag of the Society, and a record of the service of each deposited in the archives of the organization. Fifty-two members have been thus honored in a membership of approximately 460 men, women, and children—about one in nine devoting life to the cause of patriotism, liberty, justice, and humanity:—

SIR MALCOLM MACGREGOR of MACGREGOR of Scotland, Hereditary Chief of Clan Gregor and Commodore in the British Royal Navy.

Arthur Downing Addison, Jr., Chief Master at Arms, U. S. Army.

Ed. Magruder Tutwiler Addison, First Sergeant, U. S. Army.

Wm. Strange Addison, Master Gunner, U. S. Army.

Edwin Alex. Bethel, Major, U. S. Army.

John Magruder Bethel, First Lieutenant, U. S. Army.

Henry Magruder Chewning, Jr., Corporal, U. S. Army.

Smith C. Daniell, First Lieutenant, U. S. Army.

Robert E. Ferneyhough, D. V. S., Second Lieutenant, Instructor in Equitation, U. S. Army.

Miss Eleanor Magruder Briscoe Gallaher, Nurse, U. S. Army.

Jesse Alex. Higgins, Second Lieutenant, U. S. Army.

Walter Muncaster Higgins, Captain, U. S. Army.

Hilary Pollard Jones, Vice-Admiral, U. S. Army.

Walter Magruder Leonard, M. D., First Lieutenant Medical Corps, U. S. Army.

Alex. Covington Magruder, M. D., Major Medical Corps, U. S. Army.

Bruce Magruder, Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. Army.

Calvert Magruder, First Lieutenant, U. S. Army.

Carter Bowie Magruder, Second Lieutenant, S. A. T. C., U. S. Army.

Donald D. Magruder, Sergeant, U. S. Army.

Egbert Watson Magruder, Private, Norfolk Home Guards, U. S. Army.

Ernest Pendleton Magruder, M. D., Chief Surgeon American Red Cross Unit No. 3, with service in Serbia.

Geo. Archibald Magruder, Chief Machinists' Mate, U. S. Navy.

Geo. Mason Magruder, M. D., Senior Surgeon (Lieutenant-Colonel), U. S. Public Health Service.

Rev. James Mitchell Magruder, D. D., Civilian Chaplain, U. S. Army.

James Mosby Magruder, Private, U. S. Marine Corps.

Lloyd Burns Magruder, Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. Army.

Lyles Magruder, Private, U. S. Army.

Marshall Magruder, Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. Army.

Mrs. Maryel Alpina (MacGregor) Magruder of Scotland, Head Supervisor of Royal Naval Cordite Factory at Holton Heath, England, sister of Sir Malcolm MacGregor.

Miss Pauline Magruder, Field Clerk, U. S. Army.

Richard Chowning Magruder, Sergeant, U. S. Army.

Richard Johnson Magruder, Sergeant, U. S. Army.

Robert Magruder, Jr., Private, U. S. Army.

Thomas Pickett Magruder, Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy.

Wm. Belhaven Hamilton Magruder, Private, U. S. Army.

Wm. Howard Magruder, Midshipman, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

Miss Virginia Williamson Magruder, Nurse, U. S. Army.

Randolph Magruder Martin, Cadet Officer, U. S. Naval Aviation.

Miss Margaret Alice McDougall, Nurse, U. S. Army.

Arthur Butt Morgan, Jr., Seaman, U. S. Navy.

Benjamin P. Nicklin, Colonel, U. S. Army.

John Bailey Nicklin, First Lieutenant, U. S. Army.

Llewellyn Powell, M. D., Major Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. Army.

Miss Helen Augusta Strong, Chief Yeoman (F), U. S. Army.

Geo. Keith Taylor, Acting Mess Sergeant, S. A. T. C., U. S. Army.
Henry Magruder Taylor, Second Lieutenant, U. S. Army.
Priestley Toulmin, Jr., First Lieutenant, U. S. Army.
Richard Firman Trescott, Corporal, U. S. Army.
Bruce Clarence Tutwiler, Corporal, U. S. Army.
Carlos Bowie Tutwiler, Sergeant, U. S. Army.
Guy Isbell Tutwiler, Sergeant, U. S. Army.
Charles Joseph Watterston, M. D., Captain Medical Corps, U. S. Army.

NAMES AND SERVICE OF MEMBERS OF THE HONOR ROLL

1. SIR MALCOLM MACGREGOR OF MACGREGOR, Hereditary Chief of the Clan Gregor, Hereditary Chief of the Clan Gregor Society of Scotland, Chief of the American Clan Gregor Society, Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, 1917, and Companion of the Order of the Bath (Mil.) 1919: Entered service of Great Britain (British Royal Navy) from Perthshire, Scotland, September, 1886, as Naval Cadet; served in World War as a Principal Naval Transport Officer in the Transportation of troops from England to France; still serving in British Royal Navy as Commodore (First Class); General Headquarters, France, September 20, 1919; commended four times for distinguished and gallant service and devotion to duty by Sir John French and Sir Douglas Haig, Commanders British Army.
2. Arthur Downing Addison, Jr.: Entered service of the United States from Norfolk, Va., January 15, 1918, as Chief Master at Arms, U. S. Naval Reserve Force; served at U. S. Naval Base, Hampton Roads, Va.; mustered out as Chief Master at Arms.
3. Edward Magruder Tutwiler Addison: Entered service of United States from Wilmington, Del. (but he wishes Virginia to be credited with his services) July 25, 1917, as private in U. S. Marine Corps; served at Paris Island, S. C.; mustered out as First Sergeant.
4. William Strange Addison: Entered service of United States from Richmond, Va., June 1, 1917, as private in 48th Artillery, C. A. C.; served at Camp McClellan, Ala.; there discharged on account of stomach trouble; re-enlisted at Fort Monroe; served at Camp Eustis, Va.; then was sent to France and stationed at Forest of St. Aubin, Angers and St. Nazonne; mustered out as Master Gunner.
5. Edwin Alexander Bethel: Entered service of the United States from Fourteenth Congressional District of Illinois, June 12, 1911, as Cadet in U. S. Military Academy, West Point, New York; served as Military Instructor at Fort Oglethorpe, Training Camp, Ga., and at Camp Humphreys, Va.; Instructor in Mathematics at U. S. Mili-

tary Academy, West Point, New York; still in U. S. Army as Major in Corps of Engineers.

6. John Magruder Bethel: Entered service of United States from Fourteenth Congressional District of Illinois, June 15, 1914, as Cadet in U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.; served on Mexican border, and was in engagement with Villista forces near Jaurez, Mex., June 15th and 16, 1919; still in U. S. Regular Army as First Lieutenant in Seventh Cavalry.
7. Henry Magruder Chewning, Jr.: Entered service of United States from Norfolk, Va., November 30, 1917, as private in First Gas Regiment; served in France at Fay en Haye, La Vezonse, Mort Mare, Blamont, St. Mihiel, Argonne-Meuse; wounded in action in Argonne Sector September 28, 1918; mustered out as Corporal.
8. Smith C. Daniell: Entered service of United States from Port Gibson, Miss., September 25, 1917, as First Lieutenant of Engineers; served at Camp Beauregard, La., 114th Engineers; then 114th Engineers, 1st Corps, 1st Artillery, A. E. F., France; then assigned to Chief Engineers, 1st Army, A. E. F., France; then to 103rd Engineers, 28th Division, A. E. F., France; was in Argonne-Meuse offensive; then with 103rd Engineers, 28th Division, at Camp Dix, New Jersey, U. S.; discharged as 1st Lieutenant, at Washington, D. C., May 21, 1919; left U. S. August 22, 1918, and returned May 8, 1919.
9. Robert Edward Ferneyhough, D. V. Sc.: Entered service of United States from Warrenton, Va., October 7, 1918, as 2nd Lieutenant in in Medical Officers Training Group, Camp Greenleaf, Chicamauga Park, Ga.; served as Instructor in Uquitation at Camp Greenleaf, Ga.; mustered out as 2nd Lieutenant.
10. Miss Eleanor Magruder Briscoe Gallaher: Entered service of United States from Waynesboro, Va., October 16, 1911, as Naval Nurse; served as Assistant Chief Nurse in Naval Hospital, Pensacola, Fla., in Epidemics of Influenza and Meningitis, and as Chief Nurse in Navy Department of Georgetown University Hospital, Washington, D. C., Brooklyn, N. Y., Washington, D. C., New Port, R. I., Philadelphia, Pa., Washington, D. C., Annapolis, Md., Pensacola, Fla., Georgetown, Washington, D. C., Naval Academy Dispensary, Annapolis, Md.; still in Government Service as Nurse in charge of Naval Academy Dispensary, Annapolis, Md.
11. Jesse Alexander Higgins: Entered service of United States from Rockville, Md., September 28, 1917, as private in Machine Gun Co., 313th Infantry; served in Machine Gun Co., 44th and 313th Infantry, at Camp Meade, Md., Camp Lee, Va., Camp Lewis, Washington, Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.; mustered out as 2nd Lieutenant of Infantry, Machine Gun Co., 44th Infantry.
12. Walter Muncaster Higgins: Entered service of United States from

- Marietta, Ohio, April 2, 1918, as Captain; served in Ordnance Department, U. S. Army, in French Warfare Division, Office Chief of Ordnance, Washington, D. C.; mustered out as Captain.
13. Hilary Pollard Jones: Entered service of United States from Virginia, in 1880, as Midshipman in U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.; during World War he served in home waters, in command of 1st Patrol Squadron between Nantucket and Cape Sable, then in command of Raider Guard, then in command of transport Force; then Director of Naval Overseas Transportation, then in command of 2nd Squadron of Atlantic Fleet, Flag Ship Connecticut, with rank of Vice-Admiral; still in service as Vice-Admiral.
 14. Walter Magruder Leonard, M. D.: Entered service of United States from Fostoria, Ohio, April 24, 1918, as 1st Lieutenant Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. Army; served as Instructor in Medical Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., Chief of Receiving Service, U. S. General Hospital, Fort Sheridan, Illinois; mustered out as 1st Lieutenant Medical Corps Regular Army.
 15. Alexander Covington Magruder, M. D.: Entered service of United States from Colorado Springs, Col., August 1, 1917, as Captain Medical Corps U. S. Army; served at Fort D. A. Russell August 1st to September 16, 1917, and Fort Sill, Okla., September 16, 1917, to December 23, 1918; last six months Commanding Officer of Base Hospital at Fort Sill; previously Head of Department of Head Surgery; mustered out as Major Medical Corps U. S. Army.
 16. Bruce Magruder: Entered service of United States from District of Columbia, September 30, 1904, as 2nd Lieutenant of Infantry; served on General Staff, A. E. F., France, and was in Argonne-Meuse Offensive; temporary Lieutenant Colonel during World War; still in U. S. Army as Captain.
 17. Calvert Magruder: Entered service of United States from Anne Arundel County, Md., August 25, 1917, as Officer Candidate; served at Camp Lee, Va., 155th Depot Brigade; mustered out as 1st Lieutenant of Infantry.
 18. Carter Bowie Magruder: Entered service of United States from Albemarle County, Va., July 5, 1918, as Private in S. A. T. C.; served at Plattsburgh, N. Y., at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass., and at Cooper Union, New York City; mustered out as 2nd Lieutenant; now Cadet in U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.
 19. Donald D. Magruder: Entered service of United States from New York, N. Y., July 19, 1917, as Private in Troop C, Squadron A, Cavalry National Guard, New York, N. Y., this unit being changed to Company C, 105th Machine Gun Battalion; served in France in Battle of Hindenberg Line, in Battle of La Selle River, in Battle of

Jone de Mer Ridge; in Engagement of Vierstraat Ridge, Belgium; in Engagement of The Knoll, Guillemont Farm, Quennemont Farm, France; in Engagement of St. Maurice River, France; in Minor Action East Poperinghe Line, in Minor Action Dickebusch Sector, Belgium; mustered out as Sergeant.

He was twice commended for meritorious service: (1) For courage, coolness and determination, in holding his command against enemy counter-attack in Battle of Hendenberg Line; and (2) For qualities of leadership and courage displayed during Battle of La Selle River.

20. Egbert Watson Magruder: Entered service of United States from Norfolk, Va., in May, 1917, as Private in Company E, Norfolk Home Guards; served in Norfolk, Va., having been called out four times on account of threatened strikes and riots in July, 1917, January 1st and 29, 1918, and November, 1918; still in service as Private.
21. Ernest Pendleton Magruder, M. D.: Entered service of American Red Cross Unit No. 3 from Prince Georges County, Md., in November, 1914, as Chief Surgeon in said Unit; served in Serbia and died of typhus fever in Belgrade, Serbia, April 8, 1915. He sailed from New York, N. Y., November 11, 1914, for Saloniki, Greece, and practically all of his surgical work was done at Gevgelija, Serbia. He then went to Belgrade, having typhus fever when he reached that place, and performed one major operation there.
22. George Archibald Magruder: Entered service of United States from Atlanta, Ga. (he desires Jacksonville, Fla., to be credited with his services, but there being no Naval Recruiting Station in Florida he was compelled to enlist in Atlanta), in November, 1912, as Rate Boiler Maker in United States Navy; served in 1912 at Vera Cruz, Mex., where, being attached to U. S. S. Vermont, he volunteered to go ashore and take part in the attack on the Mexicans and was wounded in the hip and awarded a medal; also served during World War in North Sea on U. S. S. Texas at surrender of German Fleet; still in the service on U. S. S. Texas, Atlantic Fleet, as Chief Machinists Mate.
23. George Mason Magruder, M. D.: Entered service of United States from Keswick, Albemarle County, Va., April 24, 1886, as Assistant Surgeon U. S. Marine Hospital Service, the name of which has been changed by Act of Congress to U. S. Public Health Service; during the World War he was in charge of Sanitation of Extra-Contonment Zone, Camp Lewis, Washington, with special duty in the States of Washington, Oregon, and Montana; still in U. S. Public Health Service with rank of Senior Surgeon and relative rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

NOTE: "The United States Public Health Service shall, 'Under the authority of the Act of Congress, approved July 1, 1902, in times

of threatened or actual war, constitute a part of the military forces of the United States, and in times of threatened or actual war, the Secretary of the Treasury may, upon request of the Secreatrty of the Navy, detail officers or employees of said service for duty either with the Army or Navy.' ” (See Bureau Circular Letter No. 109 of the U. S. Public Health Service).

“The words, ‘Persons in the Military and Naval Service of the United States’, shall be construed as including all officers of the Public Health Service commissioned under authority of the Act of January 4, 1889.’ (Extract from Bureau Circular Letter No. 139).

24. James Mitchell Magruder, D. D.: Entered service of United States from Annapolis, Md., March 5, 1918, as Civilian Chaplain; served as Chaplain in charge of U. S. Army Base Hospital, Camp Meade, Md., by appointment of the local military authorities, visiting patients in all wards of the Hospital, contagious as well as others, going thru influenza epidemic, in jeopardy of life, in charge of the ministerial work at the Hospital; resigned as Civilian Chaplain at close of World War.
25. James Mosby Magruder: Entered service of United States from Annapolis, Md., November 13, 1918, as Private in U. S. Marine Corps; served in U. S. Marine Corps Training Camp, Paris Island, S. C.; mustered out as private in the same.
26. Lloyd Burns Magruder: Entered service of United States from Washington, D. C., June 13, 1901, as Captain, C. A. C., April 6, 1917; Major, C. A. C., December 28, 1917; Lieutenant Colonel, C. A. A., July 5, 1918; . . . C. O. Forts Armstrong and Ruger, H. T.; Assistant to Inspector General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.; Assistant to Inspector General, S. O. S., A. E. F., France; Inspector General District of Paris, A. E. F., France; Assistant to Inspector General, G. H. Q., A. E. F., France; Assistant to Inspector General American Forces in Germany; left U. S. for England and France May 18, 1918.
27. Lyles Magruder: Entered service of United States from Camp Brown, Fort Worth, Texas, November 12, 1917, as Private in 111th Sanitary Train F. H. 143, 36th Division; in France in Aisne Offensive, Champagne Sector, Meuse-Argonne Offensive; mustered out as Wagoner.
28. Marshall Magruder: Entered service of United States from Washington, D. C., September 25, 1908, as 2nd Lieutenant, F. A., 5th Corps, Art. Park, 6th F. A., 7th F. A.; arrived in France October 7, 1918; served as Instructor in Service Schools, Training Camps, and at the Art. School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla.; still in Regular Army as Lieutenant Colonel.
29. Mrs. Maryel Alpina (MacGregor) Magruder: Entered service of Great Britain from Balquhiddy, Scotland, in spring of 1916, as Head

Supervisor, Royal Naval Cordite Factory at Holton Heath, England; served in England and mustered out with same rank.

30. Miss Pauline Magruder: Entered service of United States as Army Field Clerk, Adjutant General's Department, and served at Headquarters Western Department, San Francisco, Cal.; still in the service.
31. Richard Chowning Magruder: Entered service of United States from Winfield, Missouri, May 4, 1914, as Private in 11th Cavalry, U. S. Army; served at Camp Oglethorpe, Ga., and Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas; at latter place he contracted influenza and was transferred to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, where he died in the service October 16, 1918, of pneumonia; he belonged to Battery D, 80th Field Artillery, U. S. Regular Army with the rank of 1st Sergeant; with General Pershing in Mexico as a member of 11th Cavalry.
32. Richard Johnson Magruder: Entered service of United States from Washington, D. C., May 1, 1918, as Private in Company C, 305th Battalion, U. S. Heavy Tank Corps; served at Camp Colt, Gettysburgh, Pa.; Camp Polk, Raleigh, N. C.; in race riot at Winston-Salem, N. C.; in Camp Greene, N. C.; mustered out as Sergeant.
33. Robert Magruder, Jr.: Entered service of United States from New York, N. Y., September 9, 1918, as Officer Candidate; served as member of 23rd Company, Central Officers' Training School, Camp Lee, Va.; mustered out as Officer Candidate.
34. Thomas Pickett Magruder: Entered service of United States from Vicksburg, Miss., September 3, 1885, as Naval Cadet; during World War served in U. S. Navy at sea in command of U. S. S. Nevada and of U. S. Naval District of Lorient, France; still in the service as Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy, and has lately been made Naval Attache, U. S. Embassy at Paris, France.
35. Miss Virginia Williamson Magruder: Entered service of United States from Danville, Va., September 11, 1918, as Student Nurse, Army School of Nursing; served in Base Hospital, Camp Wadsworth, S. C.; took soldier's oath and signed agreement for service at home and abroad; mustered out as Student Nurse.
36. William Belhaven Hamilton Magruder: Entered service of United States from San Antonio, Texas, August 14, 1918, as Private in Company C, 10th Separate Battalion and 176th Company, 14th Regiment; served at Paris Island, S. C., and at Quantico, Va.; mustered out as Private.
37. William Howard Magruder: Entered service of United States from Arkansas, June 8, 1917, as Midshipman, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., where he is still serving.
38. Randolph Magruder Martin: Entered service of United States from San Antonio, Texas, August 15, 1918, as Chief Quartermaster (A);

- served in U. S. Naval Reserve Flying Corps, Naval Aviation Detachment, Seattle, Wash.; mustered out as Cadet Officer, Naval Aviation.
39. Miss Margaret Alice McDougall: Entered service of United States from Port Gibson, Miss., May 20, 1918, as Army Nurse; served in Base Hospital, Camp Travis, Texas; mustered out as Army Nurse.
 40. Arthur Butt Morgan, Jr.: Entered service of United States from Woodstock, Va. (Massanutten Academy), May 20, 1917, as Seaman in U. S. Navy; served on U. S. S. Oklahoma in U. S. and European Naval Forces; mustered out as Seaman in U. S. Navy.
 41. Benjamin Patton Nicklin: Entered service of United States from Chattanooga, Tenn., January 22, 1895, as Private, and was member of 20th, 42nd, 51st and 49th, U. S. Infantry; served at Fort Bliss, Texas; Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.; Chicamauga Park, Ga.; Camp Merritt, N. J.; and Camp Lee, Va.; still in the service as Colonel of Infantry.
 42. John Bailey Nicklin: Entered service of United States from Chattanooga, Tenn., May 14, 1917, as Candidate R. O. T. C.; served in Ordnance Department, U. S. N. A., and Military Intelligence Division of the General Staff; Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.; Frankfort Arsenal, Philadelphia, Pa.; Camp Meade, Md.; and Washington, D. C.; mustered out as 1st Lieutenant.
 43. Llewellyn Powell, M. D.: Entered service of United States from Alexandria, Va., August 8, 1913 (active duty June 13, 1917), as 1st Lieutenant Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. Army; served in Georgia, Maryland, District of Columbia, and Texas; honorably discharged December 31, 1918, as Major, Medical Corps, re-commissioned Major, Medical Reserve Corps, February 25, 1919.
 44. Miss Helen Augusta Strong: Entered service of United States from Washington, D. C., April 12, 1917, as Yeoman 3-c, U. S. N. R. F.; served as Stenographer to Commanding Officer, Ordnance Drafting Room, U. S. Naval Gun Factory, Washington, D. C.; mustered out as Chief Yeoman (F) in U. S. N. R. F.
 45. George Keith Taylor: Entered service of United States as member of Students' Army Training Camp, Richmond College, Richmond, Va., on October 3, 1918; mustered out of service as Mess Sergeant.
 46. Henry Magruder Taylor: Entered service of United States from Albemarle County, Va., October 27, 1917, as Private 317th and 72nd Infantry, 11th Division; served at Camp Lee, Va., and at Camp Meade Md.; belonged to Advanced School Detachment, A. E. F., France; arrived in England and France after armistice was signed; mustered out as 2nd Lieutenant. Armistice was signed while he was on the water and a very short time before he landed in England.

47. Priestley Toulmin, Jr.: Entered service of United States from Birmingham, Ala., May 13, 1917, as Officer Candidate; served in 321st Field Artillery, 82nd (All-American Division), one year at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., and one year over-seas, Marbach Sector, St. Mihiel Offensive, Meuse-Argonne Offensive, France; mustered out as 1st Lieutenant Field Artillery.
48. Richard Ferman Trescott: Entered service of United States from Winfield, Missouri, April 25, 1917, as Private, Battery A, 77th Field Artillery, 4th Division; served in Aisne-Marne Offensive, Vesle Sector, Toulon Sector, St. Mihiel Offensive, Meuse-Argonne Offensive, France; mustered out as Corporal.
49. Bruce Clarence Tutwiler: Entered service of United States from Memphis, Tenn., June 28, 1916, as Private, Battery B, 115th Field Artillery; served at St. Mihiel, Argonne, Woevre Plains, France; mustered out as Corporal.
50. Carlos Bowie Tutwiler: Entered service of United States from Memphis, Tenn., July 25, 1917, as Private, 1st Class, in Battery A, 114th F. A., 55th Brigade, 30th Division; served in defense of Toul Sector, St. Mihiel Offensive, Meuse-Argonne Offensive, Woevre defense, Woevre Offensive; sailed for England May 26, 1918, landed back in United States March 23, 1919; mustered out as Sergeant April 7, 1919.
51. Guy Isbell Tutwiler: Entered service of United States from Athens, Ala., April 26, 1918, as Private, 81st Division, 316th Regiment, Battery D, F. A.; served in France eleven months; mustered out as Sergeant.
52. Charles Joseph Watterston, M. D.: Entered service of United States from Birmingham, Ala., June 29, 1918, as Captain Medical Corps; served in Base Hospital No. 137, Camp Wheeler, Ga.; mustered out as Captain Medical Corps, U. S. Army.

RESPONSE ON BEHALF OF HONOR ROLL MEMBERS

By CALVERT MAGRUDER.

Mr. Chieftain and Fellow Clansmen:

I would not be at such a loss to know what to say in answer to your gracious words of tribute if I could really feel like a hero—but I don't and can't. Nothing so mortifies and humiliates a man of sensitive feeling as to sit and listen to praise that he knows, from the depths of his soul, to be undeserved. Putting on a uniform does not make a man a soldier; it is merely a profession—as Roosevelt used to say, “an empty gesture”—unless and until that man proves in the fires of battle his right to call himself a soldier. Let it be granted that we were ready to meet the test, and willing, if need be,

to make the supreme sacrifice. So, I am bound to believe, was every man and woman, young and old, who claims the MacGregor lineage.

The true heroes of the war are those who sought that post of duty where they could be of most service to the country and who stuck to that post, whether in the field, or in the homes, or in the factories, or on the farms, or in places of official responsibility—with an utter abandonment of self, with a burning desire to make any and every sacrifice of health, wealth or comfort. At every post, military and civil, there were faint-hearted slackers, as well as heroes, the hero test is a searching one. It tears away the pretense and verbal professions that so often mask our real minds and hearts and demands to know; did we, whatever our jobs in the war may have been, ask ourselves, "what is the least that I can do, the least that I can give, and yet maintain my outward respectability," or did we approach the altar of the republic and say from the heart, in actions as well as in words, "take me, my beloved country, use me to the uttermost of my strength and capability, and when you have taken and used my all, cast me aside and forget me"? The hero test is a searching one, and should make us pause before we gaily pin medals on ourselves.

Bow, my fellow Clansmen, I really oughtn't to be so solemn. I oughtn't to chant a highland dirge at a Victory Celebration. Perhaps I'm not really as solemn as my words would indicate—if you tickle me in the ribs I can still raise a laugh—but patriotic celebrations and patriotic speeches affect me in a peculiar way. When human beings get on a so-called "patriotic" theme, there is so much danger of degenerating into a vain, false, boastful sentimentality and clap-trap, that I am inclined to bend over backwards in order not to fall into that error. The true note that ought to be sounded in a victory celebration and reunion of this sort is one of humble thanks to the Almighty Giver of Victory, with a prayer that the tasks which we were individually called upon to perform were performed in the true spirit of heroism as I have defined it. Such, I feel, is the real underlying spirit of this splendid meeting and I am happy that this is so.

You have seen fit, Mr. Chieftain, and fellow Clansmen, to single out for special honors the service men of our Clan. I wish you had confined yourselves to those who bore the test of battle, for they are in a class by themselves and are beyond all praise. I can say that in all modesty as I was not among them. But you have devoted this meeting to the praise of all service men and I have been commanded by my Chieftain to make response for them. We deeply appreciate your testimonial of affection and gratitude, and only hope that it is not entirely undeserved. And, while you speak your faith in us, we want to affirm our faith in you, to thank you for the sacrifices you cheerfully made, shall I say, to pamper us, to minister to our comfort. We want to thank you for the thousand and one ways in which you manifested your all-sustaining love for us whose particular tasks called us into the service.

And, while we thus testify our mutual regard, let us not overlook the

true test of heroism, and let us fervently pray that when the hearts of men are sifted out at God's great judgment seat what we say now and believe to be true may prove to be true, namely, that the Clan Gregor of this day, through all trials and tests, worthily bore the Fiery Cross. And if it is true, as we humbly hope, that our Clan has justified its present day right to flourish, then I am ready to shout, in a voice resounding through the highlands:

"While there's leaves on the forest, and foam on the river
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish forever!"

JOHN LEONARD RODGERS, JR.

By HERBERT THOMAS MAGRUDER.

I wish very much that this opportunity to tell the members of The American Clan Gregor Society something of the life story of one of their blood, who gave his life to his country in the great World War so recently ended, and who, though not formally enrolled as a member of this Society, was unquestionably eligible to membership; one who by his deeds and sacrifice proved himself eminently worthy of the honors which the Society has so fittingly bestowed on its heroic members. I wish that this opportunity had been given to some one better informed by more intimate association with my cousin, especially in the later period of his life; some one, at the same time, a little closer to and a little better known in the affairs of the Society. But the right person not appearing at this time, when the participation of Magruders and their kin in the World War is being especially commemorated, your Chieftain has authorized the speaker to offer these somewhat fragmentary lines, incorporating as they do a brief tribute from the pen of his uncle, Edward B. Magruder, as an appreciation of and a memorial on the records of The American Clan Gregor Society to John Leonard Rodgers, Jr.

John Leonard Rodgers, Jr., who died at Fort McHenry, Maryland, on April 14, 1919, following an operation for the removal of an eye which had been destroyed by a bullet from a machine gun while in a shell hole at the battle of Argonne Forest, was a son of the late John L. Rodgers, who was for a number of years engaged in the grain export business in Baltimore, and who also served the Chamber of Commerce as President for two years, removing to St. Louis, Mo., in 1905. His mother was Ella Virginia Magruder, who at the present time continues to reside in St. Louis. His grandfather on his father's side was the Rev. Samuel Rodgers, D. D., a prominent minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South; and on his mother's side his grandfather was the late Thomas Jefferson Magruder, a leading merchant in the wholesale boot and shoe business in Baltimore for a number of years.



JOHN LEONARD RODGERS, JR.
Born 1887; Died 1919.

Leonard was born in Baltimore on May 31, 1887, and was educated at Dunham's Latin School in that city, entering business with his father's firm, J. L. Rodgers & Co., Grain Brokers, Baltimore, Md. When the family removed to St. Louis, he continued in business with his father there, later going to Texas for several years. Afterwards he returned to St. Louis and took a position as salesman in a wholesale flour business.

Leonard Rodgers was an exemplification of the true American spirit which animated so many of the young men of our country when war was declared against Germany. He felt that it was his privilege and duty to serve his country, and unsolicited, he enlisted the first week of the war in the First Missouri Regiment. After some months of training at Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma, his regiment was ordered abroad in May, 1918, as the 138th Infantry 35th Division American Expeditionary Force, he ranking as Mechanic in Company M, of that organization.

His letters written while abroad invariably spoke of the treatment and care of the boys as the very best that could be given under the conditions which had to be met; and after seeing the devastation and misery caused by the Huns, he wrote that he was more anxious than ever to have a go at Fritz. When at last the time came, although he had been granted a furlough for the purpose of having some necessary dental work done, he destroyed the furlough and went over the top with his regiment.

Leonard was of a retiring disposition, and never liked to talk of his "little bit," as he called it, preferring to tell about what the other fellows did. And yet after going over the top in the battle of the Argonne, as they rushed the German lines, with the butt of his rifle he felled a German officer whose revolver was pointed at the head of his own lieutenant. The German refusing to surrender, Rodgers knocked him down, and taking him prisoner, secured his Iron Cross as a souvenir. Thus his first prisoner was an officer, and he captured him alone. Later the same day his sergeant and himself captured thirty Germans in a dugout.

He was uncomplaining, and always spoke of the hardships of trench life as a necessary part of the job, and that he was unselfish and considerate is shown by the fact that, after being wounded—the bullet having entered his right eye and passed out through his left cheek—having waited many hours for medical treatment, when his turn came he several times stepped aside to let some other man more seriously wounded take his place.

While convalescing at the hospital in France he assisted for some weeks in nursing the wounded, gladly volunteering to do this service in aiding the greatly overworked nurses. He had always been gifted in nursing ability, and was able to assist the operating surgeons in many ways, particularly in bandaging, and in taking charge of the diet of those whose condition was more critical than his own. After receiving his wound, he always regretted the fact that he would not again be able to enter active service, but was glad that he had had the opportunity to do his share. He had no regrets, and

said that if the opportunity afforded he would gladly do the same thing over again.

He was in the service exactly two years, dying on the anniversary of the day he enlisted in 1917. A staunch and loyal patriot, a tried and true American soldier, his life was truly the life of a crusader.

The beautiful Scriptural assurance, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." can, with all reverence, and propriety, I am sure, be interpreted to read, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he give up his life to his country."

Genealogy.—John Leonard Rodgers, Jr., was the son of John Leonard Rodgers and Ella Virginia Magruder, grandson of Thomas Jefferson Magruder and Sarah Ann Peyton Boteler, great grandson of Edward Magruder and Theresa Barron; great-great grandson of Haswell Magruder and Charity Beall; great-great-great grandson of Captain Samuel (3) Magruder and Jane Haswell; great-great-great-great grandson of Samuel Magruder (called Samuel, Sr.) and Eleanor Wade; great-great-great-great-great grandson of Colonel Samuel (1) Magruder and Sarah Beall; great-great-great-great-great-great grandson of Alexander Magruder, the Immigrant, and Margaret Braithwaite.

DONALD DILWORTH MAGRUDER

By HERBERT THOMAS MAGRUDER.

(That which follows is not written as a memorial. Fortunately the subject of this article is very much alive at the present time, and is ignorant of the publication of these several pages concerning himself and some of his experiences in the great World War.

However, as both our Chieftain and the Editor have said that they thought the members of The American Clan Gregor Society would be interested in reading a short article concerning Sergeant Donald Dilworth Magruder, a member of its Honor Roll, that expression of interest has brought into the pages of the Year Book the following lines):

DONALD DILWORTH MAGRUDER was born at "Glengyle," Arlington, Baltimore County, Maryland, on September 12, 1896. Now, the 12th of September is a legal holiday in Maryland, being the anniversary of the Battle of North Point, in the War of 1812, and the anniversary of the night bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British fleet, at which time Francis Scott Key wrote his immortal and inspiring anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner."

And so it may be, or so appear at least, to those who believe in the occult, that the horoscope of the young man was influenced by the patriotic atmosphere surrounding his birthday. Certain it is that when in the recent World War his opportunity came to do his country's bidding, he was not slow to grasp it.



SERGEANT DONALD DILWORTH MAGRUDER.
Company C, 105th Machine Gun Battalion,
27th Division, A. E. F.

After living four years on Maryland soil, the true alma mater of so many generations of Magruders, the young man was transplanted with his family to Long Island, New York, his father's business having moved to the metropolis. In the public schools of New York City, the Commercial High School of Brooklyn, and the Curtis High School, Staten Island, after the family's removal to that section of New York, his education was completed.

In 1916, in co-operation with his eldest brother, he started in business for himself, and both progress and prospects seemed very bright. Then came the call of America to her sons, and Donald knew he could make but one answer, and on July 19, 1917, he enlisted in Squadron A, Cavalry, New York National Guard.

This organization was soon called into the Federal service, going into camp at Van Cortlandt Park, New York, and from there moving in October, 1917, to Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C. Here to the soldiers' great dismay their cavalry organization was dismounted, and became the 105th Machine Gun Battalion, of the 27th Division, United States Army. Winter and Spring were spent at the South Carolina Training Camp, and during this time the young private was made a corporal. Early in May, 1918, orders came to move to the port of embarkation, and on May 19, 1918, the Division sailed from Newport News for France, the men of the 105th Machine Gun Battalion on board the S. S. Calamares.

On arriving at St. Nazaire on June 1, 1918, several weeks were spent in intensive training, and Corporal Magruder was sent with other non-commissioned officers to a British Machine Gunnery School.

The 27th Division, A. E. F., was attached to the 4th Army, British Expeditionary Force, under command of General H. S. Rawlinson, and first entered the line in the vicinity of East Poperinghe, Belgium, July 9, 1918. Almost continuously thereafter until the signing of the armistice, November 11, 1918, Sergeant Magruder was under fire; his unit, the 105th Machine Gun Battalion, having the distinction of taking part in every action participated in by the 27th Division. His discharge recites that he personally was in the following battles and minor engagements:

"Hindenberg Line, Bony, France; La Selle River, St. Souplet, France; Jonc de Mer Ridge, Arbres Guernon, France; Vierstraet Ridge, Mont Kemmel, Belgium; The Knoll-Guillemont Farm, France; St. Maurice River, Catillon, France; Dickebusch Sector, Belgium, East Poperinghe Line."

Sergeant Magruder was twice cited for bravery in action. Brief extracts from his letters home, descriptive of the two battles of greatest importance, in which he took part, in spite of the strictness of the censorship, give a good picture of conditions as he saw them. In his letter of October

8, 1918, to his brother Robert, then in the Officers' Training Camp, at Camp Lee, Virginia, he wrote:

" . . . I've been in the line two months now, and have seen war at it's worst and when its easy. You have probably heard of our stunt in Belgium, and then our show in Picardy on the 27th and 29th ultimo, and they were some shows. You can't mention casualties, *so I won't*. On the show of the 27th we laid a barrage for the infantry. I was in charge of four guns. In the first 10 minutes three of them were knocked out, one gun fired for about an hour, and when we got through there were three direct rifle shots on the gun, and the fact that we were in a good position saved the team, as they had us spotted. I am alive now due to the fact that I had to be with this gun, it being only 30 yards from Jerry's outpost. The next barrage I direct from behind. We fired our barrage and then got organized (while the infantry continued the fight) for a counter attack. Nothing had happened for several hours, and I had all the men go to sleep (in the meantime I got rifles and bayonets for the men left of the knocked out gun teams, and secured all the ammo. we could, and Mills bombs and Jerry Potato Mashers). About 11 o'clock an English artillery Major came along with a powerful glass; and we picked up the Huns moving in front of the Hindenberg Line. We followed them awhile with the glasses, but decided they were retreating. About one-half hour later, before we knew it, they shot a counter attack across, and gee! I almost lost my nerve. The worst of it was I was the only Sergeant; no officers, one platoon, one gun, the rest with rifles, and the men exhausted. I got them up, every man to his post, and prayed that the infantry would stop them. In about five minutes our infantry retired to our left flank with their prisoners, firing from behind tanks, etc., but retired, and there we were, one platoon with a gap in the line. We opened up on them with the M. G., and how they dropped; but they were in a valley, and one gun could harass their whole line, which was first a wave of bombers, then a line of infantry, then another line of infantry, and fortunately that was all.

The artillery had our S. O. S. by this time, and he came on to a trench about 300 yards from our gun, and decided that was far enough. We stopped almost half his fire, and then he must have figured we were stronger than we were. That's about all, except that yours truly was recommended along with a corporal and a private and a medical man for a decoration. Probably nothing will come out of it, as there was no officer to witness it. The only evidence was the line of Jerry's dead that we saw after the push of the 29th, which took us over the Hindenberg Line. Don's say much of this unless I get a mention, as of course I didn't do very much, except that I could have retired with the infantry; but it's a funny thing, I didn't

think about it. And gosh, Bob, it is some sight to see Jerry run. He doesn't run like we do, but just a slow methodical walk, and always wearing overcoats; and then you shoot him down at the point blank range and pick your man. I couldn't claim a hit, as I rushed up and down the trench, grabbing bayonets and bombs for myself. Believe me, I was going to give him something before I ran."

His letter of October 26, 1918, describing the battle of La Selle River, as he saw it, also paints a graphic picture:

" I remember mother writing me what somebody said about the G——— boy, and in the battle of Le Cateau, when our outfit was getting shot up, and our limbers, horses and drivers were all upset or wounded, and I had ordered the men to run up the road to get out of the shelling, he jumped on one of the limber teams and carted a load of wounded back, and then came back to get the rest and see if I was all right. There were no others alive except me, so we went on back to safety. Of course that was nothing, and is the sort of thing done every day out here, but the man that can do it is O. K., I don't care how he might have spent his life. But there's no credit given to him, and that sort of man don't write the stuff that was in the letter you sent me from the S———. There are very few men that can do brave things alone, and I don't enjoy some of the things I have to do. I'd just as soon not go back in the lines again, but I keep up a front. I don't enjoy taking charge of getting dead in from the battle field, when you have to use a shovel to get the remains; but they never have to ask me, as I certainly will do what I would expect the next man to do for me if I lay out there in some hell hole of a spot. It's strange how hardened we get, and I didn't believe I could do some of the things we have to do. Gosh, I suppose this line of stuff is not very interesting reading; but when you see so much of it, and then you run across a dying man, who knows his seconds are numbered, unconsciously reach for a prayer book and dies before he could open it, you can't help but keep getting it in your letters. . . .

Mother's letter seems to be showing a sort of fear that something may happen to me, and I am not fool enough to say that nothing may. But if it does I don't want you all to worry. If it does come my turn I'll not say that I don't care, but appreciating (?) the pleasure of living, I don't want to go yet but I trust in the Lord and believe in the life hereafter. It's strange how I should write like this. . . .

I don't suppose you ever thought of letting anything I write getting in the papers, but there are so many boobs that do put their letters in, that I was afraid father might pass out something. Anyway, please don't, as I'd hate to be a cheap guy to anybody but my own family. . . . "

The two citations awarded to Sergeant Donald D. Magruder in Special Orders, No. 26, issued by Major-General John F. O'Ryan, Divisional Commander, are as follows:

"EXTRACT.

2. The following named soldiers are commended for the meritorious services hereinafter mentioned:

Sergeant Donald D. (1, 209, 424) Magruder, Co. C, 105th M. G. Bn. For courage, coolness and determination, in holding his command against a determined enemy counter attack in the vicinity of The Knoll during the battle of the Hindenberg Line on September 27, 1918, and assisting in shattering the attack.

For qualities of leadership and courage displayed on the morning of October 17, 1918, during the battle of La Selle River.

By command of Major-General O'Ryan.

W. H. RAYMOND,
Colonel, Chief-of-Staff.

On board S. S. Leviathan, in company of 12,000 others of the 27th Division, Sergeant Donald D. Magruder came home to America, arriving at the port of New York on March 7, 1919, fortunate to have played a part in the world's greatest undertaking, and doubly fortunate to have come through the War unscarred.

Genealogy. — Donald Dilworth Magruder is a son of Robert Magruder and Elizabeth Thomas, grandson of Thomas Jefferson Magruder and Sarah Ann Peyton Boteler, great grandson of Edward Magruder and Theresa Barron; great-great grandson of Haswell Magruder and Charity Beall; great-great-great grandson of Captain Samuel (3) Magruder and Jane Haswell; great-great-great-great grandson of Samuel Magruder (called Samuel, Sr.) and Eleanor Wade; great-great-great-great-great grandson of Colonel Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall, great-great-great-great-great-great grandson of Alexander Magruder, the immigrant, and Margaret Braithwaite.

REPORT

REGARDING CASUALTIES AND HONORS RECEIVED BY THOSE OF THE NAME OF MACGREGOR (INCLUDING GREGOR AND GREGORSON) SERVING IN H. M. ARMY AND NAVY, AND LIST OF HONORS GAINED BY THEM.

By JOHN MACGREGOR.

In my last report, dated 27th September, 1917, I dealt with the casualties and honors for the space of twelve months, from the beginning of September, 1916, to the end of August, 1917. The present report deals with the period from the beginning of September, 1917, to the end of August, 1918. In this report the casualties are taken from the War Office Weekly Casualty Lists. These weekly lists run from six to fifty-eight pages each containing three columns of slightly over fourteen inches in length each. No MacGregors occur in No. 32, while the largest number in any one weekly list is thirty, in No. 40. In all the names MacGregor, McGrigor, Gregor, Grigor and Gregerson occur about 560 times.

Subject to the explanations in previous reports, I have noted:

<i>Killed, died of wounds, died, or missing and believed killed and drowned,</i>	119
Of whom 24 belonged to the Australian, 9 to the Canadian and 5 to the New Zealand contingents.	
<i>Wounded.....</i>	364
Of whom 48 belonged to the Australian, 37 to the Canadian, 15 to the New Zealand and 9 to the South African contingents.	
<i>Missing, and wounded and missing.....</i>	77
Of whom 3 belonged to the Australian, 1 to the Canadian, and 1 to the South African contingents.	
<i>Prisoners of War (most of these had previously figured as missing) ..</i>	11
	<hr/> 571

This is about 1 2-3 casualties per day for the whole of the past year.

Adding the above figures to those contained in my last two reports the figures stand as follows:

<i>Killed.....</i>	366
<i>Wounded.....</i>	389
<i>Missing.....</i>	150
<i>Prisoners.....</i>	25
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Total casualties since commencement of war.....	1,430

This is a total which must give rise to serious reflection on the part of those for whose security and comfort these casualties were sustained, and I take this opportunity of explaining that the fund for the prisoners of war is now nearly exhausted. I have indeed, paid for part of the parcels to be sent to each prisoner who was on our list at a recent date until the end of the current year; but several of the above number of prisoners have only recently been taken and some steps will probably require to be taken for their support. The reports from recently returned prisoners show that the food supplied to their prisoners by the Germans is not sufficient to sustain life, and that many prisoners are dying of starvation. Indications point to the probability that the War may terminate in the course of 1919, but at what date is uncertain. In the meantime further contributions for the support of the prisoners are urgently required.

During the period covered by this report (September 1917 to August 1918) I have noted the following honors conferred upon MacGregors:

Military cross or medal.....	23
Of whom 3 belonged to the Canadian, 1 to the New Zealand and 1 to the South African contingents.	
Bar to the military medal.....	3
Distinguished conduct medal.....	5
Meritorious service medal.....	2
Distinguished flying cross.....	1
Royal red cross.....	1
Mentioned in despatches.....	6
Croix de Guerre (conferred by the King of the Belgians).....	1
Order of the Redeemer (conferred by the King of the Hellenes).....	1
Medal for military merit (conferred by the Greek Provisional Gov- ernment.....	1
	<hr/> 44

Some of the gallant deeds which gained these distinctions were as follows:

D. C. M. S-14067. L-Cpl. J. M'Gregor, Gordon Highrs. (Aberdeen). For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. When assailed by machine-gun fire from a flank and at a point-blank range by a battery of 4.2 guns in front, he got his Lewis gun into action against the battery and succeeded in silencing it, killing five gunners and wounding others.

D. C. M. 200050. Sgt. (A.-C. S. M.) S. MacGregor, Seaforth Highrs. (Edderton). For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. During the counter-attack when all the officers had become casualties, he took command, and displaying magnificent courage, encouraged his men to stay at their posts to the last possible minute,

when he skillfully withdrew them. Later, he rallied and reorganized his company, putting out a defensive flank. His coolness throughout the action was most marked.

D. C. M. 3-6535. A.-Sgt. F. McGregor, Gordon Highrs. (Perth) For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. Finding himself in the front line, with troops falling back on either flank, he at once organized a strong point, and held on all day, with about twenty men, in spite of the determined efforts of the enemy to dislodge him. After dark he went forward with an officer to endeavor to clear out an enemy post; they were out for three hours, but found the post very strongly held.

D. C. M. 126658. Pte. J. MacGregor, Lovat's Scouts, (Bonar Bridge). For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. During the enemy attack, when all communication with an important observation post was cut, he volunteered and succeeded in reaching the post through an intense barrage, carrying forward two pigeons with him. He was thus able to send back information as to the general situation and the hostile positions. He displayed marked gallantry and determination.

M. C. T.-Sec. Lt. R. Macgregor, R. F. A. Under a heavy barrage he went forward with a telephone to within thirty yards of the enemy trench and directed the fire of his battery with great effect and was able to block the trench as ordered.

Sec. Lt. David Hutchinson McGregor, R. E. For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty during a period of five days preceding and during a raid. During the period previous to the attack his conduct under heavy shell fire was worthy of the highest traditions of his regiment, and the communications were never broken for any long period. On the night of the raid itself the maintenance of communications across a river was of great importance. When they were all broken by an intense bombardment he promptly went out and crossed the river under the greatest difficulty and under heavy fire to re-establish communication. He set a splendid example of fearlessness and devotion to duty.

Sec. Lt. Douglas Urquhart McGregor, R. F. C., Spec. Res. For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in leading patrols against hostile formations. He has attacked and driven down enemy aircraft on several occasions, in spite of their being in superior numbers, displaying in every instance splendid dash and determination to get to close range.

HARRIET COOKE ROBERTSON

By WILLIAM EDWIN MUNCASTER.

All of us have two grandmothers. For different causes it is not granted to all of us to know them personally, and live in the warmth of their interested care. Such a privilege, however, was granted to me. I have already given some account of my paternal grandmother, and now I wish you to know something of my other grandmother, on account of her sterling qualities, and as she is well worthy of a place among our patrons, since she, too, is of Magruder lineage.

Harriet Cooke Robertson, my maternal grandmother, was born at "Cooke's Range," June 1, 1795. Her father was Nathan Cooke, and her mother was Rachel Magruder, who was a daughter of Colonel Zadoc Magruder and Rachel Pottenger Bowie, he was a son of John Magruder and Susanna Smith; he was a son of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall, and he was a son of Alexander Magruder, immigrant from Scotland. Nathan Cooke was the son of John Cooke, who, as the pioneer of the family, came and acquired large tracts of land, by purchase and patents. Some of them were near where is now the village of Redland, and others a few miles beyond the present town of Gaithersburg, in all amounting to 4,307 acres. These were obtained at different dates, running from 1741 to 1787, as are shown by nine patents from Lord Baltimore, now in possession of his great-great granddaughter, Mrs. Rachel Cooke Whitacre, one of our Clan members. In 1760, he patented a tract of 1,100 acres under the name of "Cooke's Range." He built a dwelling on this, which he called "The Range," occupied it as his home, and it became the homestead of the Cooke family. We have been unable to learn from what place John Cooke came, or to trace back his genealogy, and I fear the hunt for it, which I will present, will not be interesting to the large portion of the Clan members. But since I can count thirty-three of our members who are descended from this John Cooke, I believe it will interest them.

Endeavoring to get a line on him, I requested my friend, Rev. James M. Magruder, to examine the records of wills at Annapolis to learn if there are any in them from Cookes. He very kindly did so, and informed me that there were three wills on record of the Cookes.

The first will, by Thomas Cooke, Dorchester County, Md., dated January 25, 1692. He names a son, John, to whom he devises property.

The second will, by Thomas Cooke, planter, St. Mary's County, Md., probated May 3, 1716. He leaves property to sons, John and Thomas, among other children.

The third will is by John Cooke. But there is no record in what county the will was made, nor is the date given. He devises to son Thomas two-thirds of plantation, and to son John one-third of plantation, and personality to daughters. As the same names are in the families it appears that they



MRS. HARRIET COOKE ROBERTSON.
Born 1795; Died 1877.

may be of the same line. The John who got the one-third of a plantation may be the John we are looking for. There is an old Bible, now owned by Mrs. Rachel Cooke Whitacre, in which there is written a list of John Cooke's children, being John, Sarah, Basil, Ruth, Nathan and Rachel, giving the dates when they were born, but there is no record concerning John, Sr., and his wife.

An old Bible was lost when, some years ago, one of the Cooke homes was destroyed by fire. It may have given the information we would now like to have. There is no record of a will by John Cooke, or settlement of his estate. It should be in the office of register of wills at Frederick City. There is a very interesting will in the office of the register of wills at Rockville, Montgomery County, Md. It is the first will recorded after Montgomery became a county, and is that of John Cooke, whose name I have given in the list of children of John Cooke, the pioneer.

This will was made the 14th of March, 1778, and probated July 31, 1778. By it he appears to have acquired all the lands his father owned. It must have been through primogeniture, as the old English law must have been in operation when his father died.

He divides 4,307 acres of land between his two brothers and three sisters. He gives to Basil the dwelling and 1,613 acres, to Nathan 1,256 acres, to Sarah 469 acres, to Ruth 500 acres, and to Rachel 469 acres. At the time this will was made Sarah was 18 years old, Basil 14 years, Ruth 12 years, Nathan 10 years, and Rachel 8 years. He appointed Nathan Holland sole executor of the will and guardian of his brothers and sisters until they became of age. On looking further on in that record book we find that Nathan refused to take the trust, and Benjamin Ricketts was appointed in his place.

I must hurry to get a more intimate acquaintance with my subject, or you will think as a lady I once knew, did about a history her brother was writing. He undertook to produce a history of Maryland. To hear how it would sound, and learn what she thought of it, he read his manuscript to her. When he finished reading it, she said, "certainly, brother, you have made a big book of it." "Why, sister," he exclaimed, "that is only the introduction." When Nathan Cooke, the youngest son of John Cooke, reached manhood he married Rachel Magruder, and they began keeping house at "The Range," the house his father had built. In the will of John Cooke, 2nd, this had been given to his brother Basil, but I can find no further mention of him anywhere.

In 1805 a malignant fever broke out in that section, and became contagious, and a number were taken with it. In those days they had no trained nurses or hospitals for the sick. The neighbors took it upon themselves to nurse their sick friends. Nathan Cooke volunteered to care for one of his friends. The friend recovered, but Nathan Cooke contracted the disease and died in a short time, at the age of 37 years.

He left a widow and six children, Harriet, who became my grandmother, John, Rachel, Zadock Magruder, Nathan and Elizabeth Magruder. At

the time of his death his wife, Rachel, was 38 years old. In a few years she married Harry Woodward Dorsey, who owned a large tract of land on Seneca Creek, about five miles distant from "Cooke's Range." She rented her farms and moved with her five children, John having died when seven years old, to the home of Harry W. Dorsey. He was a widower and had three daughters, Ann, Harriet and Achsah.

On May 13, 1808, a son was born, and was named for his father, Harry W. Dorsey, thus making a family of nine young persons in the home. The tradition is that they grew up together a happy family, agreeable to each other, and fast friends for life.

Grandmother took much pleasure in telling of a series of parties she attended when she was nearly 18 years old, and just "coming out."

A friend of hers was to be married in January, and instead of letting the couple take a wedding tour, as is done in these days, the relatives of the couple arranged to have them attend a succession of parties, at their homes, keeping right on with the festivities from one place to that of another.

Five bridesmaids were chosen, of which Harriet Cooke was one, and the groom matched them with an equal number of groomsmen. Of course there was much excitement over the preparations for the event.

A few days before the wedding a heavy snow fell, and became very deep, and it turned extremely cold. A strong and continuous wind came up, drifting the snow into great piles, filling the lanes to the top of the fences on each side, and closing the gateways.

The wedding must take place, all the invitations to it and the parties had been sent out.

Sleighs could not be used, so all must take to horseback. In those days the custom was for a lady to ride a horse on a side saddle, or to ride behind the man on a pillion, a sort of extra saddle placed behind that of the man who managed the horse. The latter plan was adopted for the travel of the whole bridal party. The bride sat behind the groom, and each maid behind her attendant groomsmen. Two men went along on their horses to play the fiddles for the dances.

In spite of the stinging cold, and the light attire which he is always represented as wearing, Cupid nestled down first with one couple and then with another, and went along.

This cavalcade went from one home to another, staying several days at each, and kept it up for two weeks or more. Grandmother said the men showed poor judgment and little skill in selecting the routes to ride over. They would force their horses to plunge through deep snowdrifts, or make short turns around others, giving the girls most delightful frights. Evidently they were doing so to make the girls hold on to them tight. Throughout the whole series of entertainments the neighbors of each homestead, and friends from a distance, came and made goodly company. They danced all night and slept all day, except when they were getting their meals, at

which they consumed large quantities of roast pig, poultry, and choice mutton. When one fiddler became tired, the other took his place, and Cupid swung on to the dancers, flapping his tiny wings in time to the pulsations of the throbbing music.

During these parties grandmother met William Robertson, who attended most of them. He told her he thought she had the most beautiful complexion and the finest suit of hair he had ever seen, and was altogether the prettiest and nicest girl he had ever met. "And I thought he was the handsomest and most agreeable man I had ever met, but I did not tell him so," was grandmother's comment. When grandmother told us this she would take on a conscious look in her eyes, and with a giggle and complacent smile, fold her hands in her lap in a most satisfied manner.

This mutual admiration continued to grow, as William came ten miles from his home, frequently, the following months to see her. They became well acquainted with each other, and it resulted in their being married on the 30th of September of the same year, 1813.

She went to live with him at his home, Milton Farm. This place was bought by his father, George Robertson, in 1772. The following year he married Susanna Waters, daughter of Samuel 3rd, who with his brothers, William and Richard, came to Western Maryland in its early settlement. They both belonged to the Quaker Meeting, and were married at Indian Spring Meeting House, by the Friend's ceremony.

The first record we have of the Robertson family is of Daniel, who came to Maryland from England, in 1716. Then there was a David and two Samuels, George being the son of one of them.

George Robertson died in 1792, leaving his wife, two sons and three daughters, William being the youngest child.

As his brothers and sisters grew up they married and left the farm, giving the care of the mother to William. He must have been a young man of great energy, industry and of large business capacity. By the time he was 28 years old, which was the age he reached when he was married, he had cared for his mother, and bought out the interests of his brother and three sisters, and become the sole owner of Milton Farm, containing 350 acres. He had built a grist and saw mill on the east branch of Rock Creek, that ran through the farm, which is doing good work at the present day. Though young, the bride knew the mysteries of house-keeping, and settled down to make a home. Here her three children were born, being Rachel, my mother, William George, and Maria. Soon after they married they both joined the Episcopal Church at Rockville, which they attended as long as they lived, and helped in its support.

On the afternoon of the 24th of August, 1814, grandmother was sitting in the open back door of her home, when she saw a man running along the public road, which was not far away. When he got opposite the house he ran towards it. As he got near she saw it was "Dicky" Waters whom she knew well, as he owned a farm not far from the home where she was raised,

and had joined the army to help defend his country against the invading British. When he reached the house he flopped down on a large flat stone that served as a step for the back door, and exclaimed, "Mrs. Robertson, we are beat! we are beat! We have just had a battle at Bladensburg and the British have cut us all to pieces, and are coming on right after us. Can you give me something to eat?" "Certainly, Mr. Waters, you ought to be fed after making such a good run. Where is your gun?" "I left it behind; it was not convenient to carry." She got out for him some bread and cold meat from the pantry, and sent a woman to the spring house to bring a pitcher of milk. When he finished his lunch he said he would push on for home. Then some more men came and others continued to pour in, for some time. She had a barrel of flour, that was in the pantry, rolled into the kitchen, and set one of her women making biscuits, and another slicing and frying bacon to feed the patriots as they came in.

She learned afterwards that "Dicky" reached home, and after getting a night's rest, the next day he started out to find his regiment, which he found in Baltimore, and did good service in the fighting around that city and at other places, during the war.

In 1822 a commission was appointed, by the court, to divide the lands of Nathan Cooke between his five children, and designate the part for each. It was found his estate owned all the land his brother, John Cooke, 2nd, had willed to him, his brother Basil and three sisters, and also a tract of 436 acres he had patented himself in 1790, making in all 4,736 acres. What became of his brothers and sisters I have been unable to discover.

There was a stretch of land running from Rock Creek to Crabb's Branch, of considerable width, containing 2,436 acres. This the commission divided into three parts for the daughters. They assinged to Harriet Cooke Robertson the middle portion, containing 850 acres, the part south of that was given to Rachel Cooke, containing 804 acres, and also a brick house in Rockville, that belonged to the estate. The third part, on which was the Cooke homestead, the "Range," containing 782 acres, was assigned to the youngest daughter, Elizabeth Magruder Cooke.

On the remaining land belonging to the estate, being 1,300 acres, of superior quality, situated about three miles from what is now the town of Gaithersburg, they gave to Zadoc Magruder Cooke 600 acres, on which there was a dwelling and out-buildings, and to his brother, Nathan Cooke, 2nd, they gave the remaining 700 acres of land, which he named Gray Rock, and built a brick house on it. These lands are still owned by the descendants of these two brothers.

Soon after the division of the estate of Nathan Cooke, 1st, my grandparents determined to build a dwelling on the part that came to grandmother. They selected an elevation near the center of the farm upon which to set the house, and proceeded to erect a large two-story frame house of the L form. When this was completed, they called it Flower Hill. They rented out Milton Farm, and moved to the new place to live.

Grandfather proceeded to cultivate the farm after the most improved methods, then introduced, and as he had a large number of men to do the work, he made the place produce large crops.

Grandmother told us of a time grandfather undertook to pull out his own tooth. He had fine handsome teeth, but alas! one developed a decay and began to ache, and for several days it got worse and worse. At length, after the middle of one night, he jumped out of bed, lit the candle and began to hunt through one of the drawers of the bureau. "William, what are you looking for?" "Never you mind, you will see." "But what are you rummaging in my drawer for?" "I saw a nice long cord in here the other day, and I am going to get it and pull out this pesky tooth." "You can't pull out your own tooth." "Don't you trouble, I'll show you." He found the cord, tied one end securely to the tooth and the other to the bed-post, and faced up close to the post. Then he made a quick run backward and let himself fall against the card. The cord stood, but the tooth did not come, and with a groan he clapped his hand to his face and jumped back to his post. Grandmother laughed long and heartily. She said she just could not help it. He had shown her so fully how he would pull the tooth. "Harriet, you have got less sense than any woman I ever saw." "That may be, but I know I have sense enough not to go to a bed-post to pull a tooth." "I would go to a doctor or a dentist." "Harriet, I believe you are right. I am going to dress, saddle my horse, ride to Rockville, rout out a doctor, and have him pull this thing out." He was soon off. He was fond of a good horse and always kept a fresh one. So he sped swiftly away. He was back before breakfast time, in fine good humor, said he found a doctor who "drew the tooth out in a wink." He said his horse increased his record for speed going down. Every time his tooth would give a shooting pain it made his heel give his horse a prod, and he thinking it was a signal to increase his effort, let himself out to a greater speed.

Grandmother's brothers and sisters all married Magruder. Zadoc M. married Rebecca D. Magruder, Nathan, 2nd, married Elizabeth Magruder, Rachel married Zadoc Magruder, 3rd, and Elizabeth M. married Otho Magruder.

They all made homes on the property that had come to them from their father. Her half-brother, Harry W. Dorsey, married Sarah A. Waters, and after her death married her sister, Susan M. Waters. He settled on a farm his father gave him in Frederick County, Md. Grandmother's daughter, Rachel, married Edwin Magruder Muncaster in 1836, a dry goods merchant in Baltimore and went there to live with him. There her three children were born, Harriet Maria, William Edwin, and Otho Magruder.

Soon after she came to the city she united with the Presbyterian Church, which her husband attended, and became an active helper in all its work. A few years afterwards her husband joined also. Grandmother came several times to Baltimore, every year, and spent some days each visit, to be with the family. Thus my earliest memories are connected with her. She

cuddled us up, helped in our amusements, took interest in our developing personalities, and shielded us from the results of our mischief.

William George, my mother's brother, married Mary Victorine Scott, the daughter of one of the leading lawyers in Baltimore, and started farming at Sunny Side, a tract of 850 acres of very fine land grandfather had bought, about three miles distant from Flower Hill.

Maria, the sister, married Rev. Chas. H. Nourse, of Washington, D. C. He was an accomplished educator and minister of the Presbyterian Church. She lived only six years after her marriage. She died at the age of 24 years, leaving a son three years old, given the same name of his father.

Their children being all married and gone from the home roof, in a few years my grandparents concluded to give up farming and house-keeping.

Grandfather gave to his daughter, Rachel, Milton Farm, and gave Sunny Side Farm to his son, William George, and grandmother gave to her daughter, Rachel, Flower Hill Farm, and they divided their servants, of which they had a large number, between the two. This shows the generous nature of those parents. They said they would prefer to see their children enjoying the proceeds of the properties while they were living rather than for them to have to wait till their parents passed away to get the benefits.

Flower Hill Farm was rented and they went to live with their son in summers and boarded with Mr. Abram Dawson during the winters, in Rockville.

When I was eight years old, in the early part of June, my mother came to Sunny Side to spend the summer with her brother and family. She borrowed me from my paternal grandmother, with whom I was living, then, to spend the summer with her, so that I might get better acquainted with her, any my sister and brother, of whom I had seen but little, for the past two years.

As soon as I came grandfather seized upon me as his especial property. I was named for him, and he seemed to think he had a claim on me, and he kept me with him every day. I had to trot after him as he walked over the farm, which was always with fast step, to look at the crops and live stock. He had a very fast racking bay mare named Jennie, of high spirit, of which he was very proud. I had to ride behind him on Jennie when he went to Rockville, or to see the neighbors, or to distant parts of the farm.

One day I was riding behind him, coming home through the farm, when a grey squirrel came down a cherry tree, ran across the road ahead of us, and jumped into the field where there was a crop of clover, tall and thick, Grandfather made Jennie spring after him. The squirrel would run and then become entangled in the clover and grandfather would try to make the mare tread on him. We became much excited in the chase. At length Jennie trod squarely upon the squirrel causing his death. Grandfather jumped down to secure the prize, and as he did so swept me sprawling to the ground. "Bless me, if I didn't forget all about the boy! Jump up, son, are you hurt?" "Oh, not much." "Well, here you shall have the squirrel."

After going to the fence and mounting to my seat again, we rode to the house in triumph.

Grandfather had regular features, dark blue eyes, dark hair, and white even teeth. He was something below medium height, broad shoulders, neatly turned limbs. He was very strong and active. Grandmother was of medium height for a lady, with smooth white skin, dark blue, smiling eyes, and a heavy suit of red hair. She said it was auburn, but we chaps used to whisper that it was honest Scotch red. She was rather broad, and as she said, "heavy enough."

Grandfather was a keen, alert man, full of energy and enterprise, and of excellent judgment. He had accumulated a large amount of property, and by his property and reliability he was very popular. He had a quick temper, but would get pleased as quick as he got angry.

Grandmother was deliberate in her thought and motion, and of a most joyous and amiable disposition, always happy and ready for a laugh. She was fond of the old tunes and songs, and was very proud of the number of tunes she could turn. She was devoted to sewing and knitting. She and her husband seemed to have become a balance to each other. They were never fully satisfied unless they were together.

Grandfather was a Democrat and an ardent admirer of General Andrew Jackson. He always rode among those of the front of all the Democratic processions, and always gave the tallest hickory tree to be found in his extensive woodlands, when it was wished to erect a pole in Rockville, as was the custom in those days, and subscribed largely to the barbecue gotten up for the party.

One day he said, "William, do you want to go fishing?" "Yes, sir!" "Well, you get a tin can and dig the worms. You can find some on the shady side of the old tobacco house, and I will go down to the thicket and cut the rods." By the time I had secured a goodly lot of worms, he was back with the rods. I followed him, shouldering my rod, full of bright anticipations.

Rock Creek ran through a long meadow that ran through the width of the farm, and there were some fine fishing holes in its bends. When we reached the creek grandfather attached lines to our rods, baited his and showed me the most approved way to put the worm on my hook. As I was about to throw it into the water he said "Oh, but stop, son, I must tell you that this is a Democratic stream; no Whig can fish here; you must first hurrah for General Jackson." My father was an Old Line Whig, and he and grandfather had warm arguments whenever they met, over the respective merits of the two parties. And I thought I should be what my father was, and had declared I was a Whig.

By this time grandfather had pulled out a fine fish and was taking it off the hook. "But I ain't going to hurrah for General Jackson." My companion continued to pull out fish and I looked on with envious eyes. After awhile he said, "I think we have caught all the good ones in this place, and we will move to another hole. Bring the fish along." He had strung them

on a string he had brought for the purpose. I brightened up, as I thought he would let me fish in the next place. When we reached it, I said, "can I fish now?" "Oh, certainly, that is what you came for, but this is the same Democratic stream, and as soon as you hurrah for General Jackson, you can fish." "But I ain't going to hurrah for old General Jackson." "Oh, well, then, sit down on the grass and make yourself comfortable; I don't object to catching all the fish." So we continued, the rest of our stay, going from hole to hole. At length grandfather said, "I have caught as many as I want, and as you don't want to fish, we will go home." When we got to the house, grandmother was sitting on the porch, sewing away and singing one of her favorite tunes. "Well, son, did you have a nice time?" "No, mum." "Why, wouldn't the fish bite?" "Oh, they bit fine, but grandfather wouldn't let me fish, because I wouldn't hurrah for old General Jackson." "Mr. Robertson, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to treat the child so!" "Well, he is one of the hardest-headed boys I ever saw." "Well, if he is he comes by it rightly, for if we find a harder head than yours we will have to go to a statue."

"Never mind, son, I know where there is a Whig stream, and we will go fishing there soon. I don't mind you helping me catch all the Whig fish we can." "But I ain't going fishing with you any more." "Hear that! What did I tell you about his hard head?"

Grandmother replied. "Yes, and if you treated me as bad as you treated him, I would not go with you again, either." So, backed up by grandmother's opinion, I did not go fishing with grandfather any more.

In 1850 my mother's health became bad, and she was advised by the doctor to go to the country to live. My father gave up his business in the city, and he and his family moved to Flower Hill to reside there.

He commenced farming the place, and my grandparents promised to spend the last half of their time with him. The next year I left my grandmother Muncaster with whom I had lived six years, and joined my parents, so I could attend Rockville Academy.

Under the effects of the country life my mother's health improved, so that all thought she was permanently cured.

In 1852 grandfather had a stroke of paralysis, and died a few days afterwards, being 67 years old. He was buried in the graveyard at "Cooke's Range." In his will he confirmed the gifts of the farms to his daughters, Rachel, and to his son, William George. He left his wife well provided for.

To his grandson, Charles H. Nourse, he devised a farm of 100 acres on the Union Turnpike, eight miles out from Washington, a large brick store building in Rockville, a frame dwelling with a large lot attached, and a lot of fifteen acres a short distance beyond Rockville, also all the personal property he had bequeathed to his wife to be his at the time of her death. We can see the feeling he entertained towards his servants from an item in his will, where he says, "It is my further will and bequest that my son, William George Robertson, shall give full attention to my yellow man, calling himself Joseph Thompson, for his faithful services."

He also bequeathed to his grandson, William George Robertson, Jr., a farm containing 164 acres, adjoining Sunny Side Farm. He evidently forgot no one.

My mother continued in good health for several years, and fell sick again. When he left school and came home in 1859 his mother gave her son, William E., Milton Farm, and men enough to work it and a woman to cook. Thus she followed the example of her parents in giving lands away. Milton Farm is now conducted by my son, John E. It has been in possession of the family 146 years.

My mother's condition grew worse, and on August 30, 1859, she passed away at the age of 42 years, and was interred in a spot she had selected on Flower Hill Farm.

Thus grandmother met with an irreparable loss. She was devoted to her daughter as we all were. I cannot pass her by without giving some account of one so worthy and beloved.

She was small, being about five feet in height, had regular features, dark blue eyes, dark hair, beautiful teeth, winning smile and bright face. She was full of charm in personal appearance, mental ability, and unfailing spirits. Bad health threw no gloom over her courage; she was always bright and cheery. Endowed with a poetic temperament, she was a good writer of prose and verse. Her artistic talent was also well developed, and she handled a pencil with skill. Strong in her religious feeling, and firm in her faith, she set an example worthy to be followed by those coming after her.

Troubles followed each other with quick steps. On June 26, 1861, William George, grandmother's remaining child, was riding from a field on the farm to get home before a rain came down that was threatened by a dark cloud in the west. Just as he reached the gate that gave entrance to the lot in front of the house, a bolt of lightning struck him and killed both him and his horse. Words cannot describe such a dire event.

He was only 42 years old when thus taken away. He had the size, form and features of his father, the complexion and colored hair of his mother, the ability of his father, and amiable disposition of his mother. A man beloved by all who knew him. He left a widow, ten children, and a mother to mourn over this crushing blow.

Here grandmother showed the strength of her character. Her son was the pride of her life, a stay to rest upon. Think of her surviving her husband and all her children! None left to rest her love upon but her grandchildren! Picture her in her desolation! Yet, she bore the blow with fortitude. She felt a charge was left to her to help the mother to raise the large family of children. This she did unflinchingly, and lived to see them all grow up to maturity. She kept well and happy in her work, ever sympathetic, ever busy, interested in others. She was taken with a stroke of paralysis, and after lingering a few days, passed away on the 15th of April, 1877, at the advanced age of 82 years, a matron beloved and honored by all. She was laid by the side of her husband in the Cooke graveyard.

She has now forty-six grandchildren of the different degrees, living. Her grandchildren now own a portion of the Flower Hill Farm, and her grandchildren, Edwin M. and Alice Talbott, occupy the mansion, Flower Hill, that she built in the early part of her life. The "Range" that her grandfather, John Cooke, built, still stands, and a farmer and his family live in it. A short distance from this house is the old burying place. Here rest grandmother and her husband, her father and mother, her daughter, Maria, and her husband, her brother John, her brother, Zadoc M., and his wife and four of their sons, her brother, Nathan, and his wife, her sister, Elizabeth M., and her husband. There are also Nathan Dickerson and his wife, Margaret, a great granddaughter of Nathan Magruder. All of these have tombstones giving their names. There are seven other graves marked by rough, unlettered stones; these we think are those of John Cooke and his immediate family. When evening comes and the surrounding trees cast dark shadows upon the occupants of this spot, we feel sad and sorrowful, but when morning comes, and the risen sun drops the brightness of his rays upon it, we think of another risen Son, and we are filled with hope and promise of a blessed immortality for those who rest there.

ALPIN, MAC ALPIN, GREGOR, MAC GREGOR, MAGRUDER, "MY RACE IS ROYAL"

By CALEB CLARKE MAGRUDER.

In designating the caption to the paper I proposed to our honored Chieftain to be read at this gathering, I little considered the extent into unknown fields I should enter, and evolve something for your edification, I hope, and my pleasure. But Gregor-like, my word was given; I considered it my bond, and I submit to you the result of my work. To say that the story of our genealogy is as clear as daylight, is hardly correct; because it goes back to the dawn of Scottish history almost, when Julius Caesar invaded the island, and it therefore wrapped in the mists of antiquity. To use a modern word, it is camouflaged to some degree, but enough is discernible to warrant the legend, "My race is Royal."

Alpin, King of the Scots, reigned three years, according to Dugald Mitchell, M. D., in his "History of the Highlands and Gaelic Scotland from the Earliest Times, till the close of the Forty Five."

He was murdered by a single man who lay in wait for him, in a thick wood overhanging the entrance of the ford of a river as he rode among his people. He was succeeded by his son, Kenneth, who was King for sixteen years, and died in 860, according to the Pictish Chronicle. This Chronicle also states that Kenneth, the first King of the Scots, ruled happily in Pictland, and was "the first King who seized the Kingdom of Scone for the Gael."



CALEB CLARK MACRUDER, I.
Born 1808; Died 1884.

Kenneth is known as Kenneth Mac Alpin, because the word Mac means, the son of.

He established the union of the Picts and the Scots, because they "were kindred people, and they readily amalgamated, with the result that old rivalries were soon forgotten." He adopted Scone, the Capital of the Picts, as the seat of his Government. During this reign it is not improbable, says our historian, that the Lia Fail or Stone of Destiny, which, from very early times, has been associated with the Kingdom of the Scots, was brought to Scone.

No King was ever wont to reign in Scotland unless he had first, on receiving the royal name, sat upon this stone at Scone. It is the same stone now preserved in the coronation Chair at Westminster. It is an oblong block of red sandstone, some twenty-six inches long by sixteen inches broad, and ten and one-half inches deep, the top is flat and bears the mark of chiseling.

Kenneth Mac Alpin was held in high esteem among the Scots, and in "Fragments of Irish Annals," these lines occur:

"Any one King under heaven of his work,
To the borders of Rome, there is not."

He subjected to his Government the whole country to the Tweed, expelled the Angles and Britons who inhabited it, and caused the country to be called "Scotland."

He died in the Palace of Forteviot, his body was carried across the Western Sea up the "Street of the Dead" and laid at rest "in the consecrated soil of Iona, where reposed the dust of so many of his royal race," our historian tells us.

Sir Walter Scott says, in his "Cabinet of History," that Kenneth Mac Alpin joined in his person the crowns of both Picts and Scots, was a match or the warlike Saxon, and that he might be justly called the first King of Scotland.

Scott also says, Kenneth Mac Alpin was the twenty-ninth in descent from Fergus, Son of Eric, the first of the race.

Kenneth was succeeded by his brother Donald, who reigned about four years. King Donald died on the 13th of April, 863, and was borne to the sacred quiet of the lonely Iona. Constantine, the son of Kenneth Mac Alpin, succeeded his uncle Donald. This was a stormy and troubled reign owing to the aggressions of the Norsemen. It terminated A. D. 877. Constantine was killed in battle with the Danes, together with a great multitude of Scots, according to the Pictish Chronicle. Notwithstanding the many disastrous invasions of the Danes, and the sovereignty of England and Ireland were overwhelmed by the northern flood, the Scottish Monarchy continued uninterrupted.

Constantine was succeeded by Aedh, or Eth of the "Swift Foot," the last of Kenneth's sons. Very little in that hazy period is known. It is said

he was slain by his own people in 878. After him came King Eocha, son of Run King of Strathclyde, whose mother was a daughter of Kenneth Mac Alpin. With him was associated the young King Giric or Grig, son of Dungeile, who was, it is surmised, Eocha's paternal grand-uncle, and is called his tutor. Our historian says that the rigor of Grig's character was recognized by tradition, and then was assigned to him the title of Gregory the Great. He was the hero of many fights. In 889 after a reign of seven years, Eocha and Grig were expelled by a revolution in favor of Donald, the son of Constantine. By this, the succession was restored to the male line of the descendants of Kenneth Mac Alpin and became firmly established. Later on we will have more to say about this Gregory the Great.

King Donald was slain in 900 A. D. in a battle with the Danes, and, according to the Scottish law of alternate succession, was succeeded by his cousin, Constantine, the son of Aedth of the "Swift Foot."

He convened an assembly at the Moot Stone of Scone to discuss questions of church and religion. His brother Donald was preferred for the throne of Strathclyde, and as long as that kingdom retained a separate existence, its rulers were scions of the Mac Alpin dynasty.

Constantine was known as King of Alban. He resigned his crown in 942 to Malcolm, the son of his predecessor Donald, and entered a Monastery, "on the brink of the waves," (Saint Andrews), where he died in 952.

Malcolm I, by his vigorous effort to extend his sway in the North, reproduced the old rivalry between the Southern and Northern Picts, a rivalry which in later times, formed the antagonism, our writer says, between Highlander and Lowlander, or between primitive Scotland and feudal Scotland, under the Norman Conquest.

Malcolm was slain at Fetteresso.

Indulph succeeded him, and his reign was marked by the capture of Edinburg (latinized Eden in the Pictish Chronicle). This marked the extension of the Kingdom of Scotland as it was then called, between the Forth and Tweed. Dubh the son of Malcolm, succeeded Indulph, but a determined effort was made by his son to oust Dubh, which had it succeeded, would have upset the Scottish principle of alternate succession, which to this date had been adhered to from the time of Kenneth Mac Alpin. But two years later Dubh was either expelled or assassinated.

Culen succeeded him, but on his death, the succession reverted to the family of Malcolm I, and Dubh's brother, Kenneth III, ascended the throne. He was slain in battle in 995 after a reign of twenty-four years.

At this death the succession devolved upon Constantine IV, the son of Culen, of the Aedh branch of Kenneth Mac Alpin. He was slain in battle, and was succeeded by Kenneth IV, the son of Dubh. He met with a violent end and was slain in 1005 by Malcolm II, son of Kenneth III, in Stratherne. These were dark days for Alban; civil war was rampant, but the nation emerged from the gloom under the rule of Malcolm II. He occupied the throne for thirty years, and was the last of the descendants of Kenneth Mac

Alpin in the male line. He died in 1034. He is called by Marianus Scotus, a native of Ireland, "King of Scotia," and this is the first instance on record of the application of this name "Scotia" to the country formerly called "Alban."

Duncan succeeded Malcolm II. He was elected King also of Strathclyde, the direct Mac Alpin line of that country. He, as King of "Scotia" or Scotland, as our historian says, was "master of more extensive territories than had ever hitherto been under the rule of any Scottish King; and Britons, Angles, Scots and Picts acknowledged his sovereignty. King Duncan was slain at Burghead in 1040, and was succeeded by King Macbeth, the son of Finlall, called 'Ri' of the province of Morey." His wife was the famous "Graoch," whose ancestor had been slain in 1032 by King Malcolm II. By this marriage the ambitious Macbeth, was connected with the old Scottish dynasty. Macbeth treacherously murdered Duncan, on account of the influence of his wife, to cut out the succession to Duncan's infant children. He and Duncan being grandsons of Malcolm II.

Macbeth was installed as King of the central and southern districts of Scotland, and maintained his hold for seventeen years. Usurper though he was, our writer quotes St. Berchan, who speaks of him thus:

"The red one was fair, yellow, tall,
Pleasant was the youth to me,
Brimful was Alban East and West,
During the reign of Dearg the fierce."

Macbeth was driven from the throne by Malcolm III, and was slain on the 15th of August, 1057, at Lumphanan in Mar. His descent in the female line from the royal family of Mac Alpin and other circumstances of kindred connections strengthened his influence. His second marriage was in 1069 with the Saxon royal family of England, after the conquest of England by William the Conqueror. Malcolm married the beautiful sister of Edgar Atherling, the rejected Saxon King.

Malcolm III made peace with William the Conqueror in 1072, and gave his son, Duncan, as hostage, by his first wife. He had battles with the younger William of Normandy, and was finally slain by treachery of Robert the Earl of Northumberland, on 13th of November, 1093, after a reign of thirty-five years. He is known as Malcolm Cean-Mohr, or great head.

The poet St. Berchan says of him:

"A King the best, who possessed Alban."

Margaret, sister to Edgar Atherling, his wife, introduced into the Scottish Court, increased ceremony and pomp. The King rode out with an imposing escort, while gold and silver plate adorned his table, luxury and magnificence prevailed. It was "the home of the Courtier and the Chief."

Queen Margaret, on the fourth day after the death of Malcolm and his

son, Edward, passed away. This splendid Saxon Queen died in Edinburgh Castle and was buried at Dunfermline in 1098.

Donal-Ban, son of Duncan and brother of Malcolm III, under the Scottish law of succession, in six months' time became King. He had been held as a hostage in England. His reign was as short as his uncle Donald's. A joint reign ensued of Donald-Ban and Edmund. Edmund was captured in battle and imprisoned for life, Donald-Ban was cruelly blinded, "according to the barbarous practice of the age"; Edgar, third son of Malcolm, was the first King of the United Scots who bore a Saxon name.

Let me stop here and quote you the origin of the Kilt adopted from the dress of King Magnus, who with his followers went about barelegged, having short tunics, also upper garments, and was called "Barelegged or Barefoot." This is evidence of the Highland garb as then worn A. D. 1097, because it was serviceable, but it displayed much of that picturesqueness and grace that distinguishes it at the present day.

The origin of the Kilt is sufficiently remote to be wrapped in the mists of antiquity. Its singularity and simplicity proclaim this, our author says, and "Our earliest evidence of its use, is to be found graven on the old monuments of our country."

Skeene, in his work entitled "The Highlands of Scotland," says the date was towards the end of the ninth century by a number of figures represented in the Highland garb, armed with the target and long spear. It was worn in the middle ages by the generality of the Scottish people, Lowland as well as Highland.

The Scoti in the first crusade (says Giubert, the abbot of Nogent), who constituted a part of Godfrey's army, were barelegged, wearing rough hair plaids, a hair sack over their shoulders and with a defensive arrow.

Tartan was adopted at the Episcopal See of Aberdeen under the canons of the Scottish Church in 1242. In 1256 all ecclesiastics were directed to avoid, red, green-striped clothing and their garments not to be shorter than the middle of the leg.

Dean James McGregor, who died in 1551, says, in the early Scottish Church, the external vestment of the priest was as follows: "Over all was placed a wide, loose-flowing garment called the Robe of Offering, a square or oval cloth having in the center a hole through which the head was passed, chequered with eight colors, to indicate, that while officiating the priest was superior to the King, who, according to ancient etiquette, wore seven colors in his tartan, while others wore fewer according to their rank. The eight colors were yellow, blue, white, green, brown, red, black and purple.

Resuming our narrative of the Kings of Scotland:

Edgar died in Edinburgh in 1107 A. D., and was succeeded by Alexander, one of the six sons of Malcolm and Margaret. Here we meet our ancient Alexander, the first one in our history of the name of Alexander.

David, son of Malcolm of Cean-Mohr, succeeded to the throne; but the inhabitants of old Scotland had little glory in this reign. The Charters of

Free Barony under the Feudal System broke up the old order of things. These Charters gave complete jurisdiction over the lives and actions of the inhabitants.

Feudalism made serfdom alike for Pict, Scot, Briton and Saxon, all of which were introduced by King David. We meet here a reference to the "broken clans in the Highlands," the first mention of clanship.

David I died at Carlisle in 1153; Malcolm IV, his grandson, succeeded, died in 1165, and was succeeded by his brother, William the Lyon King of Scotland. His Highland Scots loyally supported him in battle. Was taken prisoner and released; he surrendered five castles to the English, which practically surrendered the independence of Scotland to the English King; but it was soon restored by the heroism of Richard Coeur de Lion on his first memorable crusade to rescue the Holy City from the Saracens. William died at Stirling in 1214, and was succeeded by his son, Alexander II.

Alexander II was succeeded by Alexander III, his son, eight years old. The coronation at Scone of this lad of eight years, was witnessed by earls and nobles, who led the child to the cross in the cemetery at the east end of the church. He was placed upon the celebrated coronation stone, covered with silk clothes interwoven with gold, and the Bishop of St. Andrews consecrated him King; he was hailed as *Ri Alban*, with the benediction of a Highland Sennachie, with his flowing snowy beard, clad in scarlet cloak, who, kneeling, blessed the young King, repeating his royal genealogy to a remote date in Gaelic language. Our historian tells us that with the death of Alexander III, followed in 1290 by that of Margaret, his granddaughter, the Maid of Norway, on her way to take possession of her Kingdom, the dynasty of Celtic monarchs in the male line, came to an end.

Let us pause a while here and say a word about the tribes of Scotland.

Earliest references by Greek and Roman writers concerning the inhabitants of Scotland, show them to be people existing in tribes and living by pasturage and the chase.

Here we have the tribal feature of the ancient Scots, later on to be followed by their clanship. These tribes became separate units, on lands and provinces. The King had his allotment of land according to the extent of his herd. The first special grants were to the Church, but the land continued to be used by the tribes.

Maine, in his *History of Early Institutions*, says that in the eastern districts the tribal system ultimately, though gradually, passed away. In the north and west near the border region, there was evolved from it the clan system, which for so many hundred years, has played such a prominent part in Scotland. Near the close of the fourteenth century, mention is made of clans within the Highland line. They were then called Highlanders, where they had been for a long time, between 1363 and 1383, at peace with their Lowland neighbors.

Our historian tells us that in the genealogies of the Irish manuscripts, the links are trustworthy and in some instances run back to the period of

Kenneth Mac Alpin. In the groupings of these manuscripts, this language occurs, "(10) From Fearchar Fada through Cormac Mac Aubeartach,—the Mac Gregors." He presents a map of the earlier Clan Locations of Scotland, in which is shown the lands of the Mac Gregors.

He tells us also that traditionally a common origin has been assigned to the Mac Nabs, Mac Gregors and Mac Kinnons; that in the year 1606 a bond of friendship was entered into between Lachlan Mac Kinnon and James Mac Gregor, in which it was recited that they were descended lawfully from two brethren of old descent, and that the Mac Alpines were in all probability sprung from the same stock.

We have earlier in this paper shown that Kenneth Mac Alpin was the son of King Alpin, who traced back to Fergus the son of Eric, the most remote of the race, and according to Sir Walter Scott, Alpin, being the twenty-ninth King.

Sir Walter Scott says also: The Sept Mac Gregor claimed a descent from Gregor, or Gregorios, the third son of Alpin King of the Scots, who flourished about 787 A. D. Hence their original patronymic is Mac Alpin, and they are usually termed Clan Alpin.

If we are to decide between him and Dr. Mitchell, whom I have quoted, and who says only impliedly that Alpin had no such son as Gregor, still he, speaking of your King Giric or Grig, Eocha's paternal granduncle, I rather think, Sir Walter is right in naming Gregor, as the forerunner of the race. Gregor can easily follow in parlance Grig and Gregory can also. The name is easily converted into the Greek word, Gregorios. Tradition states that Alpin married a Greek Princess. If we abandon both Scott and Mitchell's version, this assertion may be true, because we find Graeco-Roman names in Alpin's royal line.

The names of Hector and Helen are met in Scottish history; and they surely would not be there if alien to the land. Alpin's Grecian wife, we may easily suppose, smiled at the future prospect of names of Homer's Hector and Helen of Troy, being enshrined in the royal line of Scotland's Kings.

Burke's Peerage fortifies my statement when it states that the clan sprung from Gregor or Gregorius, the third son of Alpin, one of the Scottish Kings of the eighth century. That at the close of the eighteenth century, the British Parliament abolished all the traces of ancient barbarity against the Mac Gregors, that 826 of them formed a clanship, and by deed subscribed by them all admitted John Murray of Lanrick, afterwards Sir John Mac Gregor, Baronet, as lawfully descended from the house of Glenstrae and the proper and true Chief of Clan Alpin. After him we have Sir Malcolm Mac Gregor of Mac Gregor, Baronet, Balquhiddy, Scotland, our Chief, and we are therefore rightfully and lawfully, the American Gregor clanship of Clan Alpin.

After the death of Alexander III, leaving an only child, heir to the throne of Scotland, namely, Margaret, as already stated, known as the Maid of Norway, who died at the Island of Orkney, on her way home to be crowned

Queen of Scotland, the lineal descendants of Alexander III became extinct, and the line assumed the collateral course in this manner.

Two great Lords of Norman extraction, set up title to the throne, one the celebrated Robert Bruce, the other John Baliol.

Edward, King of England, the near relation of the orphan Queen, the Arbitrator, decided the controversy in favor of Baliol. Both these men married descendants of King William the Lion, who, had he been living, would have claimed the throne. Baliol was a great-grandson of Earl David, but Bruce was a grandson and one degree nearer the common ancestor. Baliol was the son of Devorgoil, daughter of Margaret, the eldest daughter of David, making him a great-grandson; Bruce claimed through Isabella, the second son of David, and was consequently one degree nearer to David than Baliol.

Robert Bruce was crowned at Scone March 27, 1306; Parliament at Northampton acknowledged his right to be King. He died at Dunbarton June 7, 1329, aged 55, and was buried at Dumfermline.

David II succeeded Robert Bruce. According to Sir Walter Scott, young Robert II, through Marjory Bruce, who married the High Steward of Scotland, meanwhile holding the regency, then came to the throne. Then came Robert III, his son. From these, on down, by an unbroken line of Marjory Steward's descendants, came King James, I, II, III, IV, V, Queen Mary and James VI, through which line probably the blood of Alpin flows to the present King of England, George V. In this long course of descent, considered in the paternal or maternal line, or in the collateral line, from David, brother of King William the Lion, I am convinced that the legend "My Race is Royal," is correct in Scottish genealogy; but in American genealogy it is of a democratic nature, where honor and the brotherhood of man are our boast.

The many fine papers that have been heretofore read before this Association, easily accounted for the name of Magruder or Magruther, under which our Alexander Magruder, the immigrant came to these shores, and I shall not detain you longer with remarks on the caption of this paper.

I do, however, crave your attention for a few minutes concerning the fearful ordeals through which Clan Gregor passed in Scotland to its extinction, so far at least, as the injustice of the realm of England could, by King or Parliament, accomplish the act.

I am not at all convinced that Glenfruin was such a horrible slaughter as some historians say it was. It at least could have been condoned and not have caused the political immolation of a whole clan had all the facts and circumstances connected with the persecution of Clan Gregor by Argyle and by the Acts of the Colquhouns and other clans, been rightfully considered. Sir Walter Scott, who wrote in 1829, and Dr. Mitchell in very recent years, ascribe the defeat of Laird of Lus-Colquhoun to better military tactics on the part of Alaster Mac Gregor, the Laird of Glenstrae. As to the story of the Clerical students said to be present, it is not sufficiently sub-

stantiated to warrant the belief that our ancestor Alaster authorized it. Tradition says, in Rob Roy's annals, that Ciar-Mohr, the great mouse-colored man, was the principal actor. He was regarded as almost a savage, and just the character to take offense at the presence on such an occasion of youths dressed in clerical robes, and there, to encourage the Colquhouns at the fatal spot, on Loch Lomond.

That Clan Gregor had owned vastly more lands than they possessed, when Glenfruin occurred in February, 1603, on Loch Lomond, is admitted by historians, which had been ruthlessly taken from them under color of law, and had driven them to desperation for years before this unfortunate occurrence. That they had suffered and did suffer until the Clan was proscribed by all England, and we may say by nearly all Scotland, under authority of the Earl of Argyle, the power of the Campbells and other clans, can not be doubted; and yet, they stood like a stone wall for the independence of Scotland in all its battles. They, with Robert Bruce, fought at Bannockburn, at Alvord with Montrose and at other places with indomitable courage for the sovereignty of their native heath. They fought at Prestonpans and Culloden on the side of Charles I during the civil wars to save the crown their ancestors once wore, and were loyal to the last degree to King James VI at Killcrankie in 1689.

After all this, and more that could be said, a very gracious Parliament, if I may so compliment it, at the instance of their King, blotted out all its acts of opprobrium that had been passed against Clan Gregor, and restored them to all their rights. This is tardy justice, but it is only in keeping with the distraction of a distracted England at that time, torn as it was, by dissensions; that unfortunately forced themselves also upon the Scottish people. The Highland or Lowland Scottish genealogy cannot produce a braver, more loyal to their country or their clanship, and more generous to other clans, than Clan Gregor. Their legend is right, "E'n do and spair not in time of ill"—have your contentions among yourselves, but do not tread on us.

Philip James Bailey, poet and author of *Festus* never wrote anything better than these lines, that swell the praise of Clan Gregor in Scotland and our own American Clan:

"We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts not breaths.

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart throbs.

He most lives, who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

ANCESTRY

To our Most Worthy Chieftain, Officers, and Members of A. C. G. S.:

When the Secretary shall have called the roll of Deputy Chieftains for 1919 this letter must answer for your representative for the State of Oklahoma, who regrets his inability to be present at this interesting Gathering. But friends, I wish you to know that I am alive to the interest of our Society, and that I have done and shall continue to do all I can in promoting the welfare of this great cause, not only in Oklahoma, but wherever and whenever I may have the opportunity to speak a word for its advancement.

I am proud of the honor of representing such a worthy organization in my State as the A. C. G. S.

The time is coming when the names of the originators of this Society will be revered and respected to an extent far beyond what we may imagine today. The fountain of all good blood, pure thoughts, and noble deeds, may be traced back to the family circle. It is therefore important that we meet with one another in these annual family Gatherings, where we can have the pleasure of meeting friends and relatives and listen to the addresses and biographies of loved ones who have left us examples worthy of imitation.

Right here I wish to speak of some experience in Clan work. Sometime ago I was invited by our Chieftain to write a poem or biography of some one to be read at this Gathering.

I answered, saying a poem would be out of the question, as I was no poet, but that I would be pleased to write the biography of my great aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Cooke, wife of Nathan Cooke of Gray Rock, who was one of the best women I ever knew. She was a Miss Magruder of "The Ridge," Montgomery County, Md. Owing to the death of my grandfather, my father spent his earliest schoolhood days under the hospitable roof of this aunt and uncle of "Gray Rock." They looked upon my father more as a son than nephew.

If any one has a right to write up this aunt's life I think I can lay claim to the privilege. And since it has not been done by any one else I felt that it was my duty to undertake it.

I wrote our Chieftain that I would write *at once* to relatives for certain information, which, *if I could get in time*, that I would send him the paper so he could have the *title* of it placed in the program *which he desired*. Unfortunately the answers to my letters came too late. One cousin I wrote to could have given me the information I asked for, and the other could have loaned me aunt's picture; but they waited until they got together and talked the matter *over and over*, and they came to the conclusion that to have aunt's biography written and printed in a book with her picture would not be in harmony with such a lovely, noble, life as hers, and they hoped I would not

attempt it. That I ought to have known her well enough to know how she would be *horrified* with such publicity. They said they agreed with me when I said I felt unequal to the task. "No, George, you nor no ones' pen could ever do her justice; she is in Heaven, which is far better than anything the order or anyone else could say of her." I was astonished and hurt at their opposition to what I thought would be pleasing to them; I wrote them that I was sorry we differed in regard to writing up the life of our loved one, as I had some history which might be lost to relatives of this *beloved* aunt, but that I would show my respect for *their views* by committing the paper to the flames. I then wrote cousin Wm. E. Muncaster, who is a level headed broad-minded man, all about it. He wrote me "he was sorry I did not stand by my colors."

Since then I have recieved an answer to my letter to aunt's granddaughter, who apologized for her delay; said she was sorry she had no picture of her grandmother, but she was pleased and was willing to aid me in any way she could, and she did send me the information I desired as soon as she could visit the farm; but like the other letters, her's came too late. The granddaughter is a member of our Class; the other two cousins are eligible, but not members.

If all of us cared no more for the history of our country and loved ones than some people, this world would be a dark place to live in. Think of it—no *monuments* to mark the resting places of our *loved ones*; no *histories* to tell of the *great deeds* of our *heroes* who fought great battles, both in the field and in the home, overcoming obstacles of many kinds; no record kept of the *living* or *dead*; surely we would be like those in dark Africa, steeped in ignorance, superstition and heathenism. The blessed Bible teaches us not to put our light under a bushel, but upon a candle stick. Christ himself, and the good men and Prophets of old, are held up to us as examples that we may draw inspiration from their lives. The object of this Society, as I understand it, is to cultivate a closer bond of family relationship, educate and enlighten one another in family history, and encourage brotherly love among parents and children, and *so live* that every child born in our Clan may feel proud of the name and fame of his family.

My arrows are not intended nor directed to you who are present, for you show by your presence that you appreciate the untiring efforts of our beloved Chieftain, *and all* who have given their time and attention to the advancement of this most worthy organization, not forgetting the many loyal members who are unable to attend and take part in the annual Gathering; but in your experience have you ever heard one of these drones say, "Oh, it makes me sick to hear so much talk about family pedigree; Indeed, I have so much to do I have no time nor inclination to search up my ancestors; they never left me anything." The lady desiring to change the subject asks you if you have many chickens; you answer that you have about fifty young chickens of interesting size; the lady now getting *interested* invites you out to see her poultry. "Now, here are some brown Leghorns,

Mrs. Jones, purebreds. I paid \$20.00 for two settings. This pen has about 39 Plymouth Rocks. I paid \$50.00 for two hens and a rooster at the State Fair." "Oh! What beautiful chickens." "Yes, I think they are very fine." The gentleman walks up about this time, lets his tongue loose and invites me to look at his colts. "There is a fine colt; that black is a full brother to Lou Dillon. He is only two and a half years old, and has made his mile in 2:7 $\frac{3}{4}$. That gray is a Percheron; she is only twelve months old and weighs 900 pounds." "Yes, she is what I would call a remarkably fine colt— I should say so." "Tell me what you value these colts at?" "Well, that black is worth \$8,000.00, and the gray \$250.00. Step this way, madam; I would like to show you my Berkshire sow and 10 pigs." "Aren't they beautiful?" "Yes, I think they are middling good. I paid \$100.00 for that sow last fall, and her pigs today are six weeks old and worth \$10.00 each" I venture to say, "It looks as though it pays to raise pure-bred stock." The gentleman says, "Oh, yes, madam, it pays; in fact, I want no common stock on my farm." That gentleman's tongue was about equal to his wife's when explaining their pedigreed chickens and colts and pigs. Do you see the point?

Friends, I like good stock, but let us be careful about our family pedigree first. Not long after I came to Oklahoma City a gentleman of interesting family, highly educated, moved here from Washington, D. C. Hearing that the writer was from D. C., he came to visit me; he told me that his eldest daughter, a stylish girl, had recently married the son of Dr.———, of D. C., and would soon be in Oklahoma also. They came; I was asked if I knew this young gentleman's father; I said yes, and his grandfather also. I congratulate the Clan for their wise provision in creating an honor roll for members and eligibles in our Society, for all who risked their lives in the World War for their country.

That all who took an active part in the great struggle may rest from their labors and enjoy peace all their days is the wish of your Clansman.

GEO. C. W. MAGRUDER,
R. F. D. No. 2, Choctaw, Oklahoma.

FRAGMENTS FROM AN OLD VIRGINIA HOME

By MRS. ANNE S. C. BURCKHEAD.

Tonight I am asking you to forget this epoch of tremendous energy, power and struggle, of splendid achievement and supreme sacrifice, and going backward fifty years or more, spend a few moments in an old Virginia home presided over by a matron of Magruder descent.

I am trying to reproduce for you the early life and environment of one of the sons of that home by recalling the stories I have heard him tell his

children. The picture he draws presents such a vivid contrast to present-day conditions that it carries with it its own apology for being dominated by so personal a coloring.

I suppose all mothers are beautiful. I know mine was, indeed, so lovely was she that while visiting this city on her bridal tour a little child in passing on the street stopped and asked her nurse, "Is she an angel from Heaven?" This loveliness never left her, for as she grew older the added dignity and charm of age only mellowed the exquisite attractiveness of youth. Rich attire in simple style she delighted in, but she disdained the paint and powder of her day and never cared for the vagaries of fashion.

She was all gentleness and patience, and I tried her sorely. When we disobeyed, or deviated in the slightest from the truth, we did it with a full understanding of paying the penalty. This usually consisted of a liberal application of a flexible, keen, dogwood switch.

Father's whippings were restricted to grave offenses, and were events long remembered; but mother, her punishments were light as thistle-down. When father appeared with the rod I gritted my teeth and endured what followed in silence. When mother gave her little licks I bawled at the top of my voice to make her believe she was killing me, a deliberate case of wilful murder.

When ten years old, to make way for my rapidly increasing sisters, I was promoted to a room of my own in the "office," a building a few yards from the "house," a familiar name given to the dwelling occupied by the family. There I slept alone, a shivering little coward. One night I tossed and tumbled, sleep refused to come. Suddenly I raised my head and yelled, for there in a chair by my bedside sat the Devil, horns, hoofs, tail and all complete, grinning at me. It was no imagination; he was there. With one bound I reached the door.

"Ma!" I cried, "Ma! Oh, Ma!!!"

"What do you want, Tommie?" answered a soft voice from her bedroom.

Before I could tell my trouble a stern paternal voice turned the conversation into a dialogue.

"What's the matter, Thomas?"

"The devil is after me!"

"What?"

"The devil is after me. He is sitting on a chair at the head of my bed." My teeth chattered and I was shivering with fright.

"Go back to bed, Tommie; there is no devil there. God will take care of you," pleaded mother gently.

"But I can't see God, and the devil is——"

"Go to bed, Thomas. Not another word, or I will come out there and attend to you, sir!"

Back I went, the dread of father's attention overcoming my fear of the devil. However he had departed. The chair was empty. I never met him again, incarnate.

Later in life I had charge of my father's farming operations ten years. I still slept in the room the devil had shared with me. This room had a window invisible from "the house." Sometimes I slept beyond the rising hour, and would be awakened by father calling, "Thomas, aren't you up yet, sir?"

I never answered that question. Slipping into my clothes, shoes untied, collar in hand, I would jump out of that window, make a bee line through the orchard for the barn, and return later by the legitimate roadway for breakfast. If father suspected these wily maneuvers, he was too true a gentleman of the old school to refer to them in my presence.

Next to mother and father, Amy, the nurse, and Anderson, the carriage driver, were anchored in my affections, nor can I forget Clara, the cook. She had the most adorable habit of giving me chicken livers piping hot from the frying-pan, and then expressing the utmost surprise when mother demanded that she account for their disappearance. She nearly killed me when I was ill of measles by surreptitiously slipping into my room with a hot johnny-cake and a slice of boiled bacon which I devoured. Possibly these stolen delicacies could have been the cause of the terrible headaches that Amy, and no one else, could cure by a massage treatment of her own. How tender and loving she was; sympathetic, never weary, never cross, always willing day or night, to do anything for our comfort. And Anderson, the carriage driver, with his tales of African folk-lore, his mysticism and divinations. How I loved to lie on my back and watch the stars as he pointed out the various constellations; the Pleiades, the Eell-and-Yard, Job's Coffin, and many others that I have forgotten.

He it was who trained my ear to hear the phantom blacksmith who at sunrise and sunset beat the anvil in the plantation blacksmith-shop. That was a queer thing. I heard that mysterious ring of hammer on steel long after Anderson's death, and when I had sole possession of the shop key. Sometimes I unlocked the door, half expecting to find a practical joker hidden there. The noise always ceased, but I never discovered its source.

My own special private possession was Henry, a wiry, quick little imp, near my age and black as a crow, which he most resembled. He was my shadow, and the aider and abettor of all my mischief.

There were twelve children in the family. We were spaced in regular order; three girls and a boy; three girls and a boy; three girls and a boy. Father employed a governess and my early schooldays were spent in a room where I was the only male. Imagine my misery confined with a lot of girls, my sisters and other boys' sisters, too, for six hours each schoolday. I knew Henry was waiting at the door, planning all sorts of glorious escapades, while I sat at a desk, my eyes glued to a book, my mind roving the fields, the woods, the river, with their inexhaustible treasures ready for our adventuring.

I was always the goat in that school. No girl could do anything wrong. Whip a girl? Never. No parent would stand for anything of that kind; so, when the teacher's nerves were worn to a ragged edge by the the misde-

meanors of these dainty little ladies I became the vicarious sacrifice offered to the god of discipline. The rod descended; the flood came accompanied by audible protest, but there was no mercy shown, and no appeal to a higher court. I tried an appeal once, but found the judge unduly prejudiced against the appellant, so much so that I received a second punishment worse than the first.

One day—it was all the fault of those girls—the teacher reached for the switch; I reached for the door and got there first. A large pile of shelled corn had been dumped in the center of a second-story room in the school-house, leaving an empty space around it. I fled upstairs to this room; she followed; I darted around the corn pile; she pursued. Round and round we went, I keeping just a little ahead. Finding she could not catch me that way she tried to wade across. This was a tactical blunder; when half way she floundered and burst into tears. I knew what that meant. There was no use waiting for further developments. I fled again; this time down the stairs, through the orchard, to the fields and Henry.

The height of my ambition at this time was to become an ox-driver, and Henry's was the same. That afternoon, after escaping from school, Henry and I went to Uncle Billy, father's ox-driver, and tried to bribe him to let us have the oxen. There was nothing doing in that line. Undaunted we determined to break a team of our own.

The first thing to do was to find the material on which to work. This was close at hand. We drove two calves, Dick and Pete, from the pasture into the barn and stalled them. Next, we manufactured from a rusty chain found in the blacksmith shop a yoke that to all intents and purposes in our eyes, was perfection.

After much struggling and many bruises we succeeded in getting the yoke on their necks, and turned them out. Then trouble, such as I hope you have never known, came uninvited and joined the group. When Pete "hawed" Dick "gee-ed," and when Pete "gee-ed" Dick "hawed." They squirmed and twisted and struggled against the yoke; we squirmed and twisted and struggled with their tails. It was too late; being new in the art of breaking steers, we had neglected to tie their tails together while in the stall, and each calf was endeavoring to go his way regardless of the other. For some minutes, hours they seemed to us, the conflict lasted, when without warning, there came a break, and each calf with a chain hanging around his neck and a boy to his tail started at top speed for the pasture. We held on as long as we could, but finally sat down harder than we had ever done before.

We were late getting to supper that night. The teacher had reported my horrible crime of running away after defying her authority; Uncle Billy had brought the calves from the pasture with the broken chains dangling from their necks and the only possible thing for Henry and me to do was to take our punishment like men. The memory of that whipping hurts yet. That day ended my school life under the governess. Father sent me the following week to a man teacher.

The only festival that was celebrated with any degree of ceremonial was Christmas. For days before, Clara, with the help of various other slaves, was busy preparing the feast that lasted seven days, Christmas week. During that time, all work, except what was absolutely necessary, was suspended, and master and slave alike had a good time feasting, visiting and entertaining friends.

There was fresh pork, sausage, chine, spare-ribs, souse, shoat, old ham, beef, chicken, duck and turkey, in such abundance that it was truly a waste. There was no lack of fruit, ripe juicy red apples and golden pippins, while oranges, lemons and raisins were in much less abundance. Manufactured candy was scarce and high, but gallons of molasses were boiled and pulled into delicious taffy full of walnut and hickory nut kernels. The pulling afforded great fun both in the "quarters" and "the house." And such pies! Mince-meat, cocoanut, lemon and custard, vied with fruit-cake, pound cake, jelly cake, sponge cake, and every other kind of cake in making the season a harvest of indigestion. There were rich custards and jellies; foaming creamy eggnog, of which we children had a sip; wine and apple-brandy, home-made from home-grown fruits, that the gentleman drank, not in excess and never in the presence of the ladies. In these beverages my father never indulged, neither did he condemn or try to prevent those who did.

He was an advocate of temperance in all things, and assumed to be the keeper of no man's conscience except his own. The slaves were given one "drnm" each and a share of all the other good things. They always drank "a health" to Master and Ol' Miss.

Christmas Day was set apart not for frolic, but as a holy day and was kept as such in the name of the Christ Child. The spirit of joy and goodwill was abroad everywhere. The salutation on that morning was not Merry Christmas, but the reverent, expressive Christmas Gift, a recognition of God's great Gift to man, and not a holdup for presents. The week that followed held all the delights of the season, and how we children enjoyed the sleighing, sliding and snowballing, as well as the indoor games. The older young people danced, and the elders conversed. There was no card-playing.

The horrors of civil war shadowed the sixties, but our home was not within the lines of battle. Refugees came, stayed a short while and passed. Food grew scarce, but we gladly shared what we had. Fresh buttermilk was sent regularly to the Confederate Soldiers' Hospital in Charlottesville. Clothing was hard to get, mostly made from home-spun cloth; home-made tallow candles and "light-wood" knots furnished illumination; all the soap used was made of farm products. Slaves deserted, those who remained were kept busy in the fields and weaving room. Soldiers were everywhere, and the one dreaded cry was, "The Yankees are coming!"

There was little time for play. Mother's hair commenced to turn white; father was kept in the saddle day and night for he was the only practicing

physician within a radius of many miles. Twice he started for the front and both times he was overtaken, and brought back by an urgent messenger from the critically ill.

I was getting desperate. Many of the boys I claimed as friends had father and brothers in the army, and I could boast of nothing nearer than cousins. I was too young to appreciate the service my father was rendering his country through the sacrifice of remaining at home. The third time he kissed us all good-by and left I was jubilant, a soldier father at last! In the midst of my rejoicing, I saw mother on the porch sobbing as if her heart would break. How queer, I thought; but if ma cried I must cry too so I crept to her side and commenced. She cried and I cried; the longer she cried the louder I moaned, filling the air with my lamentations. How tired it made me; I did wish she would stop. I could not understand why she should cry when it was such a joyful thing to have father go away and fight. What a selfish little brute I was.

The war ended, the slaves were free, Henry deserted me. I was thirteen and beginning to feel the responsibilities of life. One responsibility I abhorred. Anderson left the year after the war closed, and when no one else was available, I had to be carriage driver. Every Sunday morning that carriage was ordered to be at the front door at ten o'clock, and I had to take my place on the front seat and accompany the family to church. Father rode horse-back, his saddle-bags swinging across the horse, ready for the emergency call that usually came before the service closed. Had I been on my horse by his side instead of in the clumsy, lumbering vehicle I would have been perfectly happy.

We were staunch Episcopalians, and attended Buck Mountain Episcopal Church every first and third Sunday in each month. No service being held there the second and fourth Sunday we went to Bethel Presbyterian Church. How glad I was when a fifth Sunday intervened. There was never any calling done on the Lord's day except by the young men of the neighborhood; but, after morning Church service, friends and relatives would go home with those living nearest to the Church to dinner. Sometimes there would be a dozen horses to be stalled and fed by the host.

The minister was a welcome and honored guest. There was never any question of his social position, for he was God's ambassador, and as such was respected and looked up to by all. When he came there was no attempt at entertainment; but he catechised the children, inquired after the spiritual welfare of the older folk, asked about the sick, visited those in trouble and distress, comforted the bereaved, sought out the fallen and tried to bring them back into the fold. We were indeed the sheep of his pasture and ably and tenderly he ministered to our needs.

There was no unfaith in our generation. We were taught to study the Bible as the Word of Life; to love and obey its precepts; to take the Ten Commandments as our code of living; to abhor an untruth of any kind; to believe

in the Risen Christ as the Son of God; to have faith in our own resurrection and salvation; and to walk with God in our daily life.

All this and more my mother taught us, not so much by precept as by example.

My mother! Only a memory now, but how pure and precious, as fragrant as lavender and rose-leaves.

REMARKS OF CALEB CLARK MAGRUDER, SECOND

Introducing the Honorable Isaac Lobe Straus, Former Attorney-General of Maryland, at the Gathering of 1917.

That wonderful poet of Persia, Omar Khayyam, born A. D. 1095, in his superb Quatrains, translated by Edward Fitzgerald, entitled "The Rubaiyat," measures the tide of all the affairs of human life by its flow—death. The gifted poet complains of yesterday—what it failed to do. He censures time, and says, "The bird of time has but a little way to flutter, and the bird is on the wing." He summons "why," "whence" and "whither," as if they were mortals, and exclaims, "I came like water and like wind, I go," but what of you sprites, I imagine, he says.

So it is tonight; I look back to one who passed away in the yesterday of time, but not sufficiently remembered by it. If he were living, he would long ago have told us of the "Grampian Hills," he so much loved to speak of. But thanks to a cherished friend, one of the most learned in the law of our State, and for the presence also of a reverend gentleman of Georgetown University, an alumnus like my father of that renowned Institution, they both bid me to paraphrase "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and exclaim with all the fervor of devotion, "my father, 'tis of thee," of whom this intellectual champion is to speak.

With much pleasure I present the Honorable Isaac Lobe Straus.

CALEB CLARKE MAGRUDER, FIRST

By HONORABLE ISAAC LOBE STRAUS.
Former Attorney-General of Maryland.

When, at the outset of what I have to say tonight, I express to you an unfeigned sense of distinction and honor in being permitted to be here, I do so with a keen appreciation of what this presence actually signifies.

I realize that I am speaking to a generation of men and women whose descent and lineage are traced through ages of dramatic and soul-stirring history to a King of Scotland who commenced his reign in the year 787, a

century before Alfred the Great sat upon the throne of England, and nearly three centuries before the Norman Conquest.

"My Race is Royal" is the proud and just boast of the indomitable Clan Gregor, and a regal independence and courage have signalized its spirit, through every vicissitude of fortune, from its dim and distant origin to this present hour. Bannockburn and Glenfruin are names as heroic and glorious as Marathon and Thermopylae.

There is another motto on the old armorial bearings of the Mac Gregors very near my theme tonight. "E'en do bot, spair nocht." In debate (contention) spare not! The life of your ancestral race has been a battle, not a dream. And the life of a great and dutiful lawyer, conceiving his mission to be the *royal* one of protecting life, liberty and property and securing justice—justice, which Milton so beautifully and truly calls "the strength, the kingdom, the power and majesty of all ages"—and in their defense and security to *spare not*, is in the same sense a battle and not a dream.

The law is, indeed, a royal and unsparing vocation. "It is that of all others," one of its faithful votaries has written, "which imposes the most extensive obligations upon those who have had the confidence to make choice of it. The laurels that grow within its precincts are to be gathered with no vulgar hands; they resist the unhallowed grasp, like the golden branch with which the Hero of the Aeneid threw open the adamantine gates that led to Elysium."

The life of a great lawyer is in many respects as important to a community as that of a great statesman. The actual administration of law is entirely in the hands of his profession. Not only by private counsel and by the authorship of works upon the law and its administration, but by arguments in Courts of Justice to aid Judges to decide what the law is and to apply it, and in the exercise of the judicial function itself, the whole important field of government which has to do with justice between man and man and between man and the State, is intrusted necessarily to lawyers.

There is certainly no higher temporal function than this administration of justice. No one has expressed this more impressively than Mr. Webster in that celebrated passage of his address, upon the occasion of the death of Mr. Justice Story, in which he says: "Justice is the greatest interest of man on earth. It is the ligament which holds civilized beings and civilized nations together. Wherever her temple stands, and so long as it is duly honored, there is a foundation for social security, general happiness, and the improvement and progress of our race. And whoever labors on this edifice with usefulness and distinction, whoever clears its foundations, strengthens its pillars, adorns its entablatures, or contributes to raise its august dome still higher in the skies, connects himself in name, and fame, and character, with that which is and must be as durable as the fame of human society."

I am going to speak to you tonight of Caleb Clarke Magruder, a noble scion of your own ancient and historic Clan, whose whole life was spent in

labor on the edifice of justice with usefulness and distinction, who strengthened its pillars, adorned its entablatures, and helped to raise its august dome still higher in the skies. In a quiet and unostentatious way, but none the less firmly and effectually, he did, throughout his life, what the Clan Gregor did in many splendid periods in its annals—counseled the weal and oppressed, stood forth on all occasions as a bulwark of individual right against private wrong and the assaults of power even under the guise of law, and was ever warrior and champion in the cause of justice.

The reputation of a lawyer, however resplendent during his lifetime, is transitory and traditional. Only upon the pages of the printed reports of the decisions of the higher Courts do you find an enduring memorial of his triumphs and trophies. The fame of his learning and eloquence and character are ephemeral and fleeting and fade away and die with all things earthly. But the spirit and soul of his work do *not* die. They live on and still on. They are, in truth and fact, as everlasting and immortal as the spirit and soul of his body. Their existence continues in the example and inspiration which they communicate to succeeding generations; they endure in the renewed vigor which they have imparted to the principles and institutions of free government; they gleam and shine forever in the eternal rays of justice purely and impartially administered to all the people throughout the land.

Many persons, however, even today entertain concerning the law the skepticism expressed by a Scotch character in an old play that "the law is a sort of hocus-pocus science that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it."

And eminent persons have not been wanting in history and literature who have thrown ridicule and contempt upon the law and its profession. Napoleon called the lawyers "*babblers*." There are expressions of Cromwell's to the same effect. And Disraeli referred to legal dissertations as "commentaries upon the common-place and expatriations upon the obvious."

Shakespeare has many witty thrusts at the law and lawyers. Falstaff, asking Prince Hal, "Shall be there gallows standing in England when thou art King?" refers to the rusty curb of *old father antic, the law*." In Henry VI, we find the amiable suggestion, "*The first thing we do, let's kill all the layers*." In another play one of the clowns exclaims, "Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, *like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out*." And Hamlet, as the grave digger, singing, throws up from the earth a second skull, says; "There's another! Why might not that be the skull of a *lawyer*? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures and his tricks?"

And the dialogue of the grave diggers themselves upon the coroner's inquest law is one of the dramatist's most amusing touches:

First Clown.—Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Second Clown.—I tell thee, she is; and, therefore, make her grave straight; the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clown.—How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defense?

Second Clown.—Why, 'tis found so.

First Clown.—It must be so offendendo; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform; argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Second Clown.—Nay, but hear you, good man delver.

First Clown.—Give me leave. Here lies the water; good; here stands the man; good; if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes—mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

Second Clown.—*But is this law?*

First Clown.—*Ay, marry is't; crowner's quest law.*

Dr. Johnson was nearer the truth when he said, "The law is the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public." And in the phrase of Coke, which cannot be too often repeated, "Reason is the life of the law" and the "law is the perfection of reason"; and "nothing is law that is not reason," said Sir John Powell in the great case of *Coggs v. Barnard*. Similarly Milton holds "reason" to be "the law of laws," and that "truth and justice are all one, for truth is but justice in our knowledge and justice, but truth in our practice." Nor can we forget the famous passage in Hooker, "Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in Heaven and earth do her homage—the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power."

From 1840 to 1880 there were four very distinguished lawyers in Prince George's County. Two of these were Mac Gregors—Thomas G. Pratt, a descendant of Alexander Magruder, the immigrant, was Governor of Maryland and a Senator in the Congress of the United States. Another was Caleb Clarke Magruder, the subject of this sketch, who eschewed politics and applied himself solely to his profession. The third of the four eminent lawyers referred to was William H. Tuck, a distinguished Judge of the Court of Appeals of Maryland; and the fourth was Thomas F. Bowie, who became a member of Congress and was reputed to be a fine public speaker.

Mr. Magruder made of himself a thorough lawyer. He was intimately associated professionally not only with the eminent and able lawyers above named, but with others of his day and generation whose professional acquirements and careers have immortalized the Bar of Maryland—John V. L. McMahon, John Nelson, Reverdy Johnson, William Schley, Thomas S.

Alexander, I. Nevitt Steele and the brilliant Bar of Southern Maryland, including Brent, Causin, Stone, Mitchell, Brooke, Belt, Merrick and others.

The record of Mr. Magruder's professional career, contained in some seventy volumes of the Court of Appeals and high Court of Chancery of Maryland, show that he was undoubtedly a lawyer of pre-eminent ability and attainments. In examining those reports I have seldom noticed a brief of his without reading and profiting by it. It was a remark upon the excellence and value of those briefs,* which I made to his distinguished son, my honored friend and the highly esteemed clerk of our Court of Appeals, that led to the invitation I subsequently received to speak here tonight upon their author as a lawyer.

The foundation of Mr. Magruder's intellectual character as an advocate and counselor was manifestly his strong sense and sound judgment. In all his forensic discussions are perceivable a powerful force of intellect, an unerring and penetrating sagacity, and an unfailing discrimination.

He was both a thorough common law lawyer and a thorough chancery practitioner. He had delved deeply into the richest mines and drunk copiously from the purest springs of the common law, and was not only profoundly and comprehensively read in its principles and learning, but versed and trained in its subtlest methods of reasoning. Besides the rare and opulent erudition which marked his briefs, their order, method, clearness and the whole distinctive manner show with what assiduity, application and thoroughness he deliberately fashioned and cultivated his mind upon the great classical treatises and judgments of the masters. The methods of Coke, Hale, Fearn, Butler, Preston, Holt and Mansfield are the methods of presentation and disquisition apparent in the published reports of Mr. Magruder's arguments in the highest Court of Judicature in Maryland.

The same thing is true of his arguments upon the Equity side of the Court. They, too, partake of the excellence of the masters in that branch of jurisprudence and are filled with the spirit of the great judgments of Hardwicke, Thurlow, Eldon, Grant, Redesdale, Kent, Story and Bland. Truly he lived "in the gladsome light of jurisprudence" through a professional career of more than half a century, arguing many cases involving almost every variety of legal controversy in clear, orderly, logical discussions, supported with an amplitude of learning and a plentitude of intellectual power seldom equaled. Naturally he was recognized as one of the most amply equipped lawyers at the Maryland Bar even in that, its golden age.

One of the striking features of this eminent lawyer's work is his masterly

*Examples of these briefs may be found in *Owens v. Sprigg*, 2 Md. 461; *Bank v. Bowie*, 4 Md. 291; *Magruder v. Carroll*, 4 Md. 337; *Young v. Markell*, 4 Md. 365; *Ridgely v. Crandell*, 4 Md. 437; *Cox v. Sprigg*, 6 Md. 276; *Bowie v. Stonestreet*, 6 Md. 423; *Scott v. Scott*, 17 Md. 86; *Whiteford v. Monroe*, 17 Md. 142; *Chase v. Plummer*, 17 Md. 174; *Hall v. Jones*, 21 Md. 440; *Humes v. Shillington*, 22 Md. 353; *Belt v. Blackburn*, 28 Md. 234; *Kearney v. Turner*, 28 Md. 415; *Berry v. Skinner*, 30 Md. 570; *Maney v. Coyle*, 34 Md. 241; *Blain v. Everitt*, 36 Md. 76; *Hall Admr., etc., v. Claggett, etc.*, 48 Md. 228.

and limitless preparation—the complete grasp and the detailed enforcement or defense of every phase and feature of the whole case. No weak point is left unprotected; no strong one unavailed of. His arguments, like those of Demosthenes, “smelt of the lamp,” for his were labors which habitually went on when “the iron tongue of midnight hath tolled twelve.” Consequently he entered the Courts, on all occasions, armed *cap-a-pie* like a knight-errant of old. Not a piece in the armour of the law, not a weapon of offense or of defense was forgotten. He was always and fully ready.

I cannot but think that this unsparing preparation, so characteristic and habitual, was born of his Mac Gregor blood. *They* were never taken unawares. True to their ancient armorial motto, they were ever ready, under all circumstances, if contention or debate arose, to “spair nocht.”

There is a tradition of Roy Rob that, while on his death-bed, he learned that a person with whom he was at enmity, proposed to visit him. “Raise me from my bed,” said the invalid, “throw my plaids around me, and bring me my claymore, dirk and pistols; it shall never be said that a foeman saw Rob Roy Mac Gregor defenceless and unarmed.” His foeman, conjectured to be one of the Maclarens, entered and paid his compliments, inquired after the health of his redoubtable neighbor. Roy Roy maintained a cold haughty civility during their short conference, and, as soon as he had left the house, “Now,” he said, “all is over; let the piper play *Ha til mi tulidh* (we return no more); and died before the dirge was finished.

Mr. Magruder was employed for many decades in practically all of the important Equity cases in Prince George’s County. As intimated above, he was an ardent admirer and student of Chancellor Bland’s decisions, and the writer has been informed, that the three volumes of Bland’s Chancery Reports in Mr. Magruder’s office plainly show by the marks and notations upon their pages how closely he applied himself to master them. His local practice consisted also in the settlement of many of the substantial estates of Prince George’s County.

In 1834 in *Hall v. Mac Cubbin*, 6 G. & J., 107, he successfully argued a cause before the High Court of Chancery, in which Chancellor Bland delivered rulings relating to the sale of real estate for unpaid purchase money, where the administrator had not sufficient assets to pay the claim and the bill was filed against the widow and heir-at-law together with the administrator. In those early days we find him also in the important cases of *Boteler and Belt v. Brooke*, 7 Gill and Johnson, 143; *Sommerville v. Marbury*, 7 Gill and Johnson, 276, and *Boteler and Beall*, 7 Gill and Johnson, 389.

His first important case in the Court of Appeals was that of *Darnall v. Hill*, in 12 Gill and Johnson Reports, p. 270. It presented material questions of Chancery practice as well as other controversies growing out of a widow’s right to dower and how far the heirs of the first husband of the widow could set off against the widow’s dower a demand against the second husband for the use and occupation of the land during the minority of the heirs. Mr. Magruder carried this litigation successfully through both the Court of Chancery and the Court of Appeals.

In 1846 he argued the important case of *Crowley v. Barry*, 4 Gill, 194, with success, establishing principles relating to the liability of payee and endorser upon a negotiable note and the correct legal procedure in protesting foreign bills.

In *Berry v. Griffin et als*, 10 Md. 27, which he argued successfully for the appellees, he maintained the principle that to give to the acceptance of a promissory note in payment of an account the effect of an absolute payment and extinguishment of a debt, a contract that it should be so must be proved by evidence, and that such an agreement will not be inferred from the use of the words "in payment of the account."

In *Quynn v. Carroll*, 10 Md. 197, involving intricate questions of accounts, book entries, limitations, waiver and evidence, he again won his case as counsel for the appellant, upon a brief which is not only a model of method and order in presenting the case, but which for precision, clearness, comprehensiveness and condensation could not be surpassed. Its remarkable research well illustrates what has already been said respecting the equipment and quality of the advocate. This brief in the lucidity and succinctness of the argument and the marshalling of the authorities bears strong analogy to the printed briefs of the late Mr. Benjamin as they appear in the reports of the Appellate Courts of England and of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The same characteristics of order, method and research are perceived in his argument in the case, in which he was again successful, of *Sasscer v. Whitely*, 10 Md. 98, wherein the Court of Appeals rendered an important decision upon the liability of an endorser in the law of Bills and Notes.

In 1861 and 1862 he argued the two cases of *Crauford v. Blackburn*, reported in 18 Md. 49, and 19 Md. 40, which involved the estate of Dr. David Crauford of Prince George's County, who died in 1859, as it was then supposed, intestate. In both of these cases, Mr. Magruder was successful the first of them involving many important questions relating to proof of marriage and pedigree.

This is a leading case in Maryland, and the law it lays down has been cited and followed in many succeeding decisions of the Court of Appeals of the State. This celebrated cause would be a fitting theme for the novelist's pen. Near y twenty years after the distribution made in 1863, a will of Dr. Crauford's came to light, and the litigation which had begun in 1859 was not concluded until nearly a quarter of a century afterwards. The original battle in the Courts over the rightful administration of the estate, the secret custodianship of the undiscovered will during the Civil War, the question of the legitimacy of the children of a brother of Dr. Crauford, the discovery of the will and the final establishment of its validity after a bitterly fought trial before a jury at Upper Marlboro, the eminence and rivalry of the counsel who waged the conflict through all its various stages, until its termination in favor of those whom Dr. Crauford himself had named in his will as the objects of his bounty, invest this case with all the interest and fascination of romance and drama.

It is, of course, impossible, in the limited period at our disposal tonight, even to enumerate Mr. Magruder's numerous arguments running through seventy and possibly more volumes of the Maryland Reports, the first which I have been able to find being in 6 Gill and Johnson's Reports, decided in the Court of Appeals in 1834, and the last in the 54th volume of the Maryland Reports containing the decisions of 1880. His latest cases were *Wheeler v. Addison*, 54 Md. 41, and *Hopkins v. Roberts*, 54 Md. 312, in both of which he obtained judgment favorable to his clients.

The moral character of Mr. Magruder was as elevated and blameless as his professional character. In that inspiring address which Mr. Webster delivered at the notable dinner tendered him by the Bar of South Carolina at Charleston in 1847—an address which every member of the legal profession should cherish and treasure—he said: “An eminent lawyer cannot be a dishonest man. Tell me a man is dishonest and I will answer he is no lawyer. He cannot be, because he is careless and reckless of justice; *the law is not in his heart*—is not the standard and rule of his conduct.”

Mr. Magruder conformed fully to the standard and rule of conduct stated by the “godlike Daniel.” His was a spirit of “high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy.” The soul of this Mac Gregor, grown upon Maryland soil, was as lofty and white as the snow-capped summits of Ben Lomond. His integrity was as firm and unshakable as the roots of that mighty mountain. No breath or suspicion of wrong ever clouded the clear shining mirror of his unsullied name. He lives in fame and memory today as the soul of honor and righteous dealing with his fellow men, an example and inspiration to those who have and who are yet to come after him. Nor is it feasible tonight for me to dwell upon

“The best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.”

He died at an age advanced beyond the allotted three score years and ten. He was stricken not suddenly or violently. His decline was gradual and peaceful, as if by the wearing out of his mortal frame. His life had been one of prudence, temperance and moderation, and at its end there was no vehement dissolution of the ties of nature. The powers of his mind and the affections of his heart continued undimmed and unabated to the last. From the bosom of his loved ones, he passed away to the bosom of his God, in Whom his faith had always abided.

The resolutions adopted upon the occasion of his death at a memorial meeting of the Bench and Bar of Prince George's County on the 14th of April, 1884, declared that in his death the Bar had lost its oldest member, distinguished alike for legal ability and professional integrity, and that his loss would be deeply felt not only by the surviving members of the Bar to whom he was ever ready to lend cheerful aid when solicited, but also by the Judges on the Bench, who could always, when advice was needed in matters of

doubt, rely for instruction upon his ripe professional experience and accurate knowledge of the law.

One of the orators on that occasion said: "Mr. Magruder devoted his entire life to the practice of the law and deservedly won a high rank as a learned lawyer in its various departments and as an able advocate. * * * A more truthful and honorable man never lived."

Another speaker upon the same occasion, a lawyer of ability and afterwards Comptroller of Maryland, the late Honorable Charles H. Stanley, said: "No man ever practiced law with a higher appreciation of the dignity and responsibility of the profession than did Mr. Magruder."

But this Mac Gregor of Maryland has *not* died. He still lives in the affections of his descendants and kindred, in the memory of friends, and in the high regard of the profession and State in which he dwelt and wrought. He lives and *shall* live in the indelible and enduring influence of his learning, wisdom and exalted sense of justice upon the imperishable judgments which he won in the Courts in which he practiced. While those judgments live, he cannot die.

But, I have taken more than my allotted time and must close. Permit me, however, to do so with a parting thought.

The life of the Mac Gregor which I have but imperfectly reviewed, whilst interesting and admirable, has a *finer* value in the *lessons* it teaches. In its unfaltering response to the calls of duty and service in his day and generation, it is as true as the needle to the pole to the best traditions and ideals of Clan Gregor. It represents Purpose, Loyalty and Courage. A purpose to maintain the right; an unswerving loyalty to the purpose—and a courage which never quailed nor culminated nor capitulated. It was the *indomitable, irresistible, invincible dedication of the Mac Gregor to duty*. And as you see the same spirit again and again through the storms and conflicts of the history of the Clan through a hundred generations *before* Caleb Clarke Magruder was born, so you see it blazing up and forth, and flaming again like a meteor in the second generation *after* him, in the magnificent herosm of that glorious boy, Ernest Pendleton Magruder, M. D., who surrendered his life to a loathsome plague whilst helping his fellow-man upon the battle fields and in the hospitals of stricken Serbia.

To what duty, then, does the spirit of the Mac Gregor summon you, its children, today? The answer rises in every heart and leaps to every tongue—to hurl back the invading Hun; to crush the militant despotism of force, seeking to enslave the world; to rescue and *save* Liberty, Justice, Democracy, Civilization—all the great interests of Humanity. Such is the call of the Mac Gregor *now!* From the braes Balquidder, from the shores of Loch Earn, from the crags and peaks of Ben Lomond and the valleys and glades within its night shadows, your kinsmen across the waters have gone forth, bearing aloft the Fiery Cross and the gleaming falchion of the Clan to save everything humanity holds dear from the surging flood of barbarism. I know, by the memory of their deathless dead, that there

will not be an instant's faltering among the noble race of the Mac Gregors *here*; that the same passion for freedom and the same valor to achieve it burns with the same unquenchable and unconquerable fire in their hearts as on the glorious field of Glenfruin and on that greater and holier day at Bannockburn, when, under their mighty Chief, Malcolm, the Mac Gregors, charging at the front of the conflict, veritably won the day for *Bruce and National independence for Scotland*; that in *this supreme call of the World* against the forces of despotism, darkness and destruction, the Mac Gregors of America, true to their ancestral traditions, will be among the *foremost*, under the *Stars and Stripes*, to *stem and defeat* the hostile hordes; to destroy their power *utterly* and put them *down forever*, and *triumphantly* to dictate, under the banners of *absolute and unconditional victory*, a new dispensation, securely guaranteeing Liberty, Democracy, Justice and Peace to mankind for ages and ages yet to come.

The genealogy of his father, prepared by Caleb Clarke Magruder, Second: The subject of this address was the son of Thomas and Mary Clarke Magruder, grandson of Isaac Grandison and Rebecca Beall Magruder; great-great grandson of John and Susanna Smith Magruder, great-great-great grandson of Samuel and Sarah Beall Magruder; great-great-great-great grandson, or in the fifth degree of kindred, from Alexander Magruder, the immigrant.

Addenda.—My father married my mother, Mary Sprigg Belt, Tuesday evening, the 28th of May, 1833. She was a daughter of Jeremiah and Rebecca Belt. The marriage took place at the residence of her brother, Edward W. Belt, in Upper Marlboro, Maryland. The Reverend William D. Woodley, S. J., of "White Marsh" Church, Prince George's County, Maryland, performed the ceremony. Of this union were born, Augusta, who died in May, 1895, widow of Peter H. Hooe, Thomas Belt Magruder, who died, a student at Georgetown University in March, 1854, Caleb Clarke, Junior, the writer of this note, Edward Walter, who died in July, 1886, who had been a soldier in the Confederate Army. There were born also, John Marshall and Mary Rebecca, twins, both of whom died in infancy. My mother departed this life in March, 1845, in Upper Marlboro, Md. My father's second marriage was to Miss Sarah Beanes Waring, a daughter of Colonel John Waring, of "Mount Pleasant," near Upper Marlboro, in June, 1847; she died in March, 1866. His third marriage was to Miss Ellen C. Turner, of Frederick City, Maryland, who died in 1900. My father passed away April 4, 1884, in his seventy-sixth year, a few days after the decease of his devoted life-long friend, Judge William Hallam Tuck, mentioned by Mr. Straus. My father was one of the large family of Thomas Magruder (who died in 1830) and Mary Clarke, his wife (who died in 1864), at the old Colonial home plantation in Prince George's County, Md., which was inherited, by the marriage of Isaac Grandison Magruder to Sophia Baldwin; this tract of land is still in my family, and now called "The Forest."

CALEB CLARKE MAGRUDER, SECOND.

ROB ROY*

By DONALD FITZ RANDOLPH MAC GREGOR.

*"One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men."*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I

How quickly o'er the fairest scene,
A summer cloud will spread a screen;
And how eternally from night
The sun returns in regal light.

II

How often have the clouds been cast
O'er Clan Mac Gregor in the past,
How often o'er unconquered men
Clan Gregor's banner flew again;
How oft' our ancient annals show
Our splendid triumphs o'er the foe;
Blight and greenness, sun and shade,
The heroes of our Clan have made.

III

No mortal man had prior claim
On Scotia's rocks to carve his name,
Than has been ours since days of yore
Upon Loch Lomond's rugged shore.
These hills so long we held our own,
As the Mac Gregor Country known,
By sword and dirk, and fire and blood,
Through winter snow, and summer flood,
Was handed down from man to man,
Since life on Scottish hills began.

IV

To Rob Roy fell the task and fame,
To guard his birthright as it came;
And how the task was nobly done—
Vile plots defeated—battles won—

*Founded on incidents related in "The Adventures of Rob Roy, or The Gallant Deeds of a Bold Highland Chief," by James Grant.

Hopes crushed to earth built up again—
The trusted leader of his men—
He reached the patriarch's honored age—
He wrote his name on Scotland's page—
A name that time cannot destroy—
The Red Mac Gregor! Our Rob Roy!

V

In Rob Roy's day, Clan Gregor's right,
Was held against their foes by might;
It therefore welcomed sword and shield,
Such as Rob Roy's good arm could wield.
A warrior and a leader born,
Embittered by the foeman's scorn,
It needed some darker wrong,
To fan the fire then smouldering long.
And with such nobles as would sell
The Scottish throne some loved so well;
With nobles who would stoop to cower
Defenceless women in their power;
With nobles who would seek to rise
By means that God and man despise;
The time soon came when these would fly,
From the Mac Gregor's battle cry.

VI

A lull of peace had changed the life,
Of the almost perpetual strife,
That seemed to hang o'er Scotland's realm,
To over-run, but not o'erwhelm;
The Highland Chiefs let rest once more,
The struggle, to a Stuart restore;
So Rob Roy freed from war's alarm,
Could go about his Highland farm.
Craigroistan, and fair Inversnaid,
His labor had good farm land made;
The rocks and heather had been changed,
The fields productively arranged;
And though his sword was ever free,
To fight for Scotland's liberty,
The heart that beat within his breast,
Beat first for those who loved him best;
His wife—the children at her knee,
To be, from being hunted free;
And he surrounded by his Clan,
Live as a Highland gentleman.

VII

So many coward, treacherous foes,
The annals of Clan Gregor shows,
That one would think, the leaders then,
Would have had guards on Clift and Glen;
Had well armed men in every way,
That to Mac Gregor's Country lay.
But there are times when Fate seems slack,
And leaves the lion to attack;
When meanest things may oft' times best,
The guard upon the eagle's nest;
And man though strong and watchful see,
Some night, his own Gethsemane.

VIII

The mother of Rob Roy had died,
And from Ben Lomond's rugged side,
And every hamlet far and near,
The Clansmen mustered at her bier.
Glenfalloch too, and Breadalbane,
Let at their home no man remain;
For four score years before in pride,
She left them, The Mac Gregor's bride;
And now they came, those loyal ones,
To follow Rob Roy's four strong sons,
And to her place beneath the ground,
They bore her, with her century crowned.

IX

Rob Roy and every boy and man,
That could be mustered in the Clan,
Unheedful of impending storm,
Had gone this duty to perform;
The women and the aged few
That years ago his mother knew,
The children in their noisy glee,
Unchecked by death's dark mystery,
No able bodied boy or man,
Was left defender of the Clan.

X

A few were left by sickness pressed,
Who wished to have marched with the rest;
And of these few bedridden ones,
Was the youngest of Rob Roy's stout sons,

Whose weakened voice he seemed to hear,
E'er ringing in his troubled ear.
Weak as it was, 'twould more than drown
The twenty bagpipe's mournful sound;
And more than this he left his wife,
Just hovering 'twixt death and life;
But bravely had she urged him go,
And honor to his mother show.

XI

How many crimes and cruel things,
The minions of Hanoverian kings
Attempted, to subdue the race
From whom we proudly lineage trace;
And such a leader as Rob Roy
They ever struggled to destroy.

XII

The lord whose heart had ne'er known right,
The swordsman who o'er judged his might,
Each thought to find an easy prey,
Where the Mac Gregor Country lay.
So little they for honor cared,
The humble mourner was not spared;
Not e'en the new-made mother's grave,
Did Rob Roy's helpless loved ones save;
Not even on her burial day,
Could his good sword be laid away.
Yet all the treachery and wrong,
But made his good right arm more strong;
The more his Clansmen were oppressed,
The fewer hours their foes had rest.
Every force the foeman knew,
Against Clan Gregor's homes they threw;
And trying a Clan to destroy,
Made a world hero—our Rob Roy.

XIII

With no opposing sword to bar,
What heroes oft' poor cowards are?
How many proudly lineage trace,
To meanest creatures of our race;
How often Heaven seems to aid,
The vilest creatures God has made.

XIV

Returning, trying to be brave,
From his good mother's new-made grave,
So all-souled anxious for the life,
Of his true, faithful, loving wife,
And too, the little Highland man,
He hoped some day would lead the Clan;
Dark fore-bodings seemd to loom,
Fore-shadowing impending doom.
And when he reached an open place,
Where he his Inversnaid could trace,
He saw upon the well-kept land,
The work of the despoiler's hand;
And signals from a mountain peak,
Warned him its safe retreat to seek;
Where in the fastness of the wild,
He found his weeping wife and child.
And there he learned a perjured lord,
Before detested, now abhorred,
Before a poisoned weed, to pass,
And now a viper in the grass;
Watched till no able-bodied man,
Was there for to defend the Clan;
And then the coward thing he was,
Backed by the strength of unjust laws,
Razed house and steading, barn and byre,
Destroyed with axes, burned with fire,
Because its owner had won fame,
Defending Clan Mac Gregor's name.

XV

As Rob Roy's wife her story told,
The wind blew wild, the rain fell cold.
Her sick child huddled to her side,
And moaned with cold. with hunger cried.
Then flamed up in a crimson flood,
Every drop of Rob Roy's blood,
And by his mother's soul he swore,
That Inversnaid should steep in gore,
Before a hated foe should stand,
On one foot of Mac Gregor's land.

XVI

And now as leader of the Clan,
Did Rob Roy prove himself the man,

To regain all that had been lost,
And also save the human cost.
For loyal henchmen dared to go,
And count the number of the foe;
And there they found o'er twice the men,
That Clan Mac Gregor mustered then;
And these preparing for to hold,
The lands that had been ours of old.
The wreckage of Rob Roy's abode,
Was being handled load by load,
To build a fort where Rob Roy's throne,
Had been for years his own hearth stone.
And all his live stock—horse and cow,
Were herded in the Lowlands now.
The grain and produce of his lands,
Were now a spoil in hostile hands.
Clan Gregor surely needed then,
A man who was a man 'mongst men.

XVII

Now with this weight and heavy heart,
Rob Roy had for the time to part
From all Clan Gregor held as dear;
Yet trusting that the day was near,
When this new foe would fall, or fly
From Clan Mac Gregor's battle cry.

XVIII

Then up the well-known mountain road,
He left for some rock-bound abode,
To hold until with well-formed plan,
The Fiery Cross should call the Clan.

XIX

As Rob Roy was climbing the mountain that day,
A rider approached him in regal display,
He stood head and shoulders o'er others in height,
And seemed by his bearing a man of great might;
His arms were all glistening in silver and gold,
And three eagle feathers his lineage told;
And all the group with him, seemed in a great joy,
To meet on the mountains our hero Rob Roy.

XX

There was Hamish Mac Laren of Invernentie,
A Stirling of Carden, with men in his fee,
There were followers there of the hated Montrose,
And others who often felt Clan Gregor's blows;
And then there were some with a tartan unknown,
But plain in their faces was enmity shown;
And their hands on their swords told the wish to destroy
But each cowered back at a glance from Rob Roy.

XXI

The stranger rode up with a smile of disdain,
As a shout of approval went up from his train,
He sprang from his horse like an athletic boy,
And said, "I am glad for to meet you Rob Roy!
I am come for to show you, and Clan Gregor too,
That I am a much better swordsman than you;
But before the shear-weight of my good sword you feel,
You may doff your blue bonnet unto The Mac Neil."

XXII

Rob Roy quelled the anger that swelled in his breast,
That boiled like the storm around Ben Lomond's crest,
And answered, "I doubt not Mac Neil what you say,
That you are a brave leader in any affray;
Yet your sword should be sheathed but in Scotland's fair
cause,
And not drawn in brawling, and breaking her laws;
For only in right can you ever employ,
The good sword that hangs at the side of Rob Roy."

XXIII

Frothing and fuming Mac Neil stood the while
Forgetting he was not on Barra's small Isle,
And then in a rage that one swordsman should dare,
To cross him with all his followers there;
He cried out, "You coward, you dare not to draw,
Who e'er heard of Rob Roy respecting the law!
It is not your love of the law that you feel,
'Tis your poor craven fear of the sword of Mac Neil."

XXIV

"Mac Neil!" flashed Rob Roy, "You may now draw
your sword,
In defending his honor, Rob Roy's was ne'er lower'd;

But I warn you and all of your followers there,
That this trial of skill will be open and fair.
And if Hamish Mac Laren of Invernentie,
Or other, dares aid you, their end they shall see;
And a Barra may yet from a Highlander reel
In exchange for his bragging, have at you, Mac Neil!"

XXV

With troubles enough for to break a strong man,
Of his own, and the many harassing the Clan;
With all of the lands of his nephew Glengyle,
In the grasp of the savage Mac Laren the while;
Rob Roy for his honor, now staking his life
There on the bleak mountain, with children and wife;
How grand were the motives that strengthened his steel,
Compared with the hope of the braggart Mac Neil.

XXVI

Such contest as raged on the mountain side then,
Will never be seen on Ben Lomond again,
The Barra's bravado, his youth, and his size,
Was matched by the honor that Rob Roy did prize;
But the clash of their blades was the only sound heard,
For the Barra's friends dared not to utter a word;
And Mac Neil soon discovered, there was no alloy,
In the honor behind the good sword of Rob Roy.

XXVII

But the pride of the forest must bend to the gale,
So the strength of the Barra began for to fail,
Rob Roy tossed the shield on his left arm aside,
And with both hands his sword with intensity plied;
He severed the Barra's sword arm at one stroke,
Like a reed that was withered the Barra's sword broke;
Said Rob Roy as it fell, like a child's shattered toy;
"Mac Neil! You have proof that you met with Rob Roy!"

XXVIII

The spring with leaf and flower had brought,
The time for which Rob Roy had sought;
When from Loch Arclet's rocky banks,
Would loyal Clansmen swell the ranks,
Of brothers from Balquidder's braes,
Glengyle, Glenstrae, Ben Lomond's raise;

Mac Gregors true in heart and hand,
Each loyal to Rob Roy's command,
To aid the plans their leader made,
For winning back his Inversnaid.

XXIX

The wooden fort the Saxon manned,
Was strongly built and shrewdly planned;
It stood where Rob Roy's home once stood,
'Twas built of good Ben Lomond wood,
To hold Rob Roy within their law,
And Stewarts, Colquhouns, Buchanans awe;
And well the Red Mac Gregor knew,
How well these Clans its fall would view.

XXX

It was a perfect Highland night,
The air was still, the stars were bright,
And midnight was the chosen hour,
When all of Clan Mac Gregor's power,
Where fell the burn near Inversnaid,
True as the steel of which were made,
Five hundred claymores gathered stood,
Beneath the shadow of the wood,
With target, dirk, and pistol true,
And many armed with muskets too,
Good muskets, some red-coated man,
At death surrendered to the Clan;
And prized as in the days of yore,
A lucky few a pole-ax bore,
And then to prove him staunch and true,
A sprig of pine each bonnet blue,
Showed every strong, determined man,
Belonged to the Mac Gregor Clan.

XXXI

In ancient, classic, wedge-shaped form,
The Clan went forward to the storm;
Rob Roy, in pride of place, before,
A sturdy man his standard bore,
The nearest to him then in blood,
Were next in rank to stem the flood,
Then best armed of the Clansmen there,
Were next in honor for to share;
For in those days the battle's van,
Was sought by each true Highland man.

XXXII

Still as the calm the Ocean takes,
Before the mad tornado breaks,
The human avalanche in state,
Moved noiseless toward the fortress gate.
When near, Roy Roy the signal gave,
The moon light flashed his good sword's wave;
And then the Clansmen madly rushed
The gate that with their weight was crushed,
And with Clan Gregor's battle cry,
The swordsmen like a sea swept by.

XXXIII

But once within the fortress ground,
An iron gate the Clansmen found,
The entrance to the barrack wall,
That by its height commanded all,
From which the enemy well trained
A telling shower of bullets rained;
For with all haste the walls were manned,
Where Rob Roy's men had made their stand;
And heavy toll Rob Roy well knew,
Would take to break this hindrance through.

XXXIV

But tell me what would lord or slave,
From helpless birth to open grave,
On earth below—in heaven above,
Accomplish without woman's love!

XXXV

A maid of the Mac Gregor Sept,
A prisoner in the fort was kept,
A foster brother's promised bride,
In whom Rob Roy took special pride,
For in her early girlhood days,
He saved her from the wild Mac Raes.
The long roll of the Fusileers,
To her brought hopes—hopes bathed in tears;
She knew her gallant Highland man,
Was with the leader of the Clan;
She saw the gate refused to break,
She knew of all that was at stake;

Defeated by the hated foe,
Would make their Inversnaid Glencoe.
And quick recalling tales of stands,
By which Clan Gregor held its lands,
Stories that the bards had told,
Of what was done in days of old,
She grasped the open chance to make
A trial for her hero's sake;
Again to do what had been done,
Be sharer in a victory won;
Not for to wield a sword or pike,
But in a woman's way to strike;
For often has a flag been lowered,
To one who did not wield a sword.

XXXVI

The meadow land of Inversnaid,
Good hay for Rob Roy's cattle made;
The cattle though, were sent away,
But in the lofts they packed the hay;
Thus in the Highland maiden's hand,
They placed their own destruction's brand;
For when swelled up to heaven's vault,
The first mad cheers of the assault,
She hastened round an unseen way,
In every loft she fired the hay.
Loosely packed, and tinder dry,
A score of flames soon lit the sky.
With timbers crackling over-head,
The soldiers from the windows fled;
Then from the now forsaken wall,
The maiden let a ladder fall.

XXXVII

Rob Roy was first the wall to scale,
The first to turn the foeman pale;
But as his well-known form appeared,
The foe that e'er his name so feared,
Who wished his fame to now destroy,
Set up the cry, "Rob Roy! Rob Roy!
The Red Mac Gregor! At him, men!"
But Clan Mac Gregor answered then.

XXXVIII

Now changed was the unequal strife,
Each soldier now fought for his life;

For by the ladder at the wall,
The Clansmen like a waterfall,
Came tumbling down upon the foe,
Each with a well-delivered blow.

XXXIX

With broadsword, pistol, dirk and gun,
Each Clansman deeds of valor done,
The timbers crackling over-head,
The ground thick covered with the dead;
The red-coats threw their arms away,
In vain attempt to stop the fray.
Spontoons and powdered wigs in fear,
Were left by many a Fusileer,
Their regimental standard, too,
That o'er the fort in triumph flew,
Was down, to never more be made,
The banner over Inversnaid.

XL

This standard Rob Roy made his share,
Of all the plunder captured there;
But for each bruise, and stab, and slash,
The captured stores, arms, food and cash,
His faithful followers received,
Which many aches and pains relieved.

XLI

Then busy was each man employed,
The fort was totally destroyed,
The dead and wounded were borne out,
The cannon spiked, and all about,
The willing fire allowed to rise
An offering unto the skies.
And as the morning sun in pride,
Lit up Ben Lomond's pine-decked side,
Toward safeness at Loch Katrin's head
Rob Roy his gallant band had led,
There in security to dare,
The foeman who would follow there.

XLII

But when in all that story shows,
Did our brave Clan in peace repose,
When was a time a Chief could trust,
To let the sword in safety rust?

XLIII

The total loss of Inversnaid,
A more determined effort made,
The dreaded standing of Rob Roy.
And lasting was the black disgrace,
The Fusileers were doomed to face,
If with their Highland foe remained,
The Standard Highland valor gained.

XLIV

Portnellan, for the time was made,
To take the place of Inversnaid,
Here came the scouts from Lowland slopes,
Reporting on the Saxon's hopes;
That all the force at their command,
Were marching toward Mac Gregor's land,
The Clan to utterly destroy;
But for to save alive Rob Roy,
For what a joy 'twould be to see,
That leader grace a gallows-tree.

XLV

Mac Gregor Country though was bound,
By friendly mountains towering round,
And narrow were the pathways laid,
That roads into the mountain made.
Through one of these the foe must toil—
The gloomy gorge of Aberfoyle,
Where years before, were Cromwell's men,
Ambushed and slaughtered in that Glen,
By sires of those that came to-day,
To block a new invader's way.
Where Rob Roy's followers were soon,
To reenact once more Glenfruin.

XLVI

If man could look beyond and see,
Where loomed defeat—swelled victory,
Could see tomorrow as today,
How different would be our way;
'Tis well, though, that we cannot see,
How we would tangle destiny!

XLVII

The foeman little knew what lay,
So near before them on the way;
Knew not the use Rob Roy had made,
Of the captured arms of Inversnaid;
Nor that the Gorge of Aberfoyle,
Was made a fortress by the spoil,
That o'er six hundred well-armed men,
In ambush lay within the Glen,
That Roy Rob, held so much in dread,
Was trusted leader at their head;
So wrapped in pleasure with the scene
On right and left—they marched between.

XLVIII

But as the somber shades of night,
Across the mountain cast their blight,
A something o'er the foeman fell,
That seemd foreboding all not well.
And when what had looked moss and stones,
Sprang up strong men of flesh and bones,
When from each of their rifles came,
A bullet with a steady aim;
When from six hundred bearded throats,
"Ard choille!" with a vengeance floats,
The panic stricken foemen knew,
Sometimes forebodings are too true.

XLIX

The battle, like the lightning's flash,
Was just one sudden, awful crash.
Like the Alpine avalanche comes down
Upon the unsuspecting town;
At times unnumbered in the past,
Clan Gregor's strength was fiercely cast—
Upon the outcome risking all,
With one stroke for to win or fall.
Again the Clan had bravely made,
A warning of a mountain glade.
Rob Roy had only lost two men,
The fallen foemen filled the Glen.
The Mac Gregor Country was once more,
Free as it stood in days of yore.

L

And now the last, the final call,
The summons that comes to us all.
Rob Roy was old, his hair and beard
In snowy whiteness now appeared;
His eye once as the eagle's bright,
Was dimmed by many a watchful night;
That arm that once no sword could lower,
Had lost its strength—its battles o'er;
And yet, unmaimed, entire, and whole,
Unscarred in body, mind, or soul,
Full of years—at peace with all,
Calmly waiting Death's last call.
Attended by his wife and sons,
While fast the final hour glass runs—
A sturdy rock that had withstood,
Each storm for Clan Mac Gregor's good.

LI

But how prenatal laws, Gad gave,
Will rule us to the very grave.
A servant hurries to the door,
To say a bitter foe of yore—
Mac Laren of Invernentie,
Perhaps, yet all he used to be;
But claiming, 'twas a friendly task,
Was come of Rob Roy's health to ask.
Then back the leader's spirit came,
At mention of a foeman's name.
"Quick! Helen! Sons! My pistols bring!
Bonnet! Claymore! Everything!
For never shall a foeman say,
There came unto Rob Roy a day,
When he was found an unarmed man,
And unsupported by the Clan."

LII

Propped in his bed with tender care,
Life's journey's end, now almost there,
His claymore in his hand they placed,
Once more his plaid his shoulders graced,
With bonnet, pistols, dirk and all,
Made ready for Mac Laren's call.

LIII

Mac Laren entered—cold and proud,
Rob Roy his proffered care allowed;
For wrongs Clan Gregor may forgive,
But memory of them ever live.

LIV

Mac Laren gone, there seemd to fall,
The calm that e'er succeeds the squall,
Across Balquidder's snow-clad braes,
He gazed, and dreamed of other days.
The last hours of the closing year,
Were passing wildly, bleak and sear,
Around his bed his sons and wife,
Knelt watching ebb the fleeting life,
With faithful piper weeping there,
Heard Ossian mingled with his prayer.
'Now all is over, Helen, wife,
Life's storms, its calms, its peace, its strife;
'Tis near the closing of the year,
Another spring will soon be here,
The hum of the mountain-bee I love,
And gentle voices of the coushat-dove,
Shall not disturb my peaceful sleep,
While the hills around shall vigil keep.
The forms of those gone on before,
I see in shadows on Ben More.
Forgive me, if a harsh, rough word,
From out these lips you ever heard.
The Mac Gregor Country, sons, watch o'er,
As have your sires from days of yore.
And as I kept a mother—mine,
Watch o'er now, a mother—thine.
Now Piper Alpine, pace the floor,
Strike up "we return no more."*

LV

While wife and sons devoutly prayed,
While the aged piper wept and played,
Rob Roy, who had all deaths defied,
In peace and honor, calmly died.

*Ha til mi tulidh.



JOHN SMITH MAGRUDER EWELL.
Born 1828; Died 1919.

JOHN SMITH MAGRUDER EWELL

By MISS ALICE MAUDE EWELL.

John Smith Magruder Ewell was born in Washington, D. C., August¹², 1828, the eldest child of his parents, Dr. Jesse and Ellen Mac Gregor Ewell. His mother said in after years that he was the brightest, strongest, and most active child she had ever seen. The brightness remained when the strength had failed him as a very old man. He was named after his maternal grandfather, John Smith Magruder, who had died a few years before. His mother was a devoted daughter, and the son all the more beloved on account of his name.

While he was still an infant, his parents left Washington and settled in Prince William County, Virginia, in a home called "Dumblane," in honor of his grandfather's birthplace. In this immediate neighborhood he was to spend the greater part of his life. It was a locality possessing few educational advantages. Like George Washington, my father, John Smith Magruder Ewell, attended an "Old Field School," why so called I do not know, unless, as the name would suggest, the site was one so worked to death that nothing would grow upon it. But seeds of knowledge in fertile young brains yield a land's best crop. I have heard my father say that he never needed to study a lesson, but to read it once or twice was enough. He had early learned to read under his mother's instruction. In these days books were comparatively few. He read all he could get hold of, from Shakespeare to the quaint old "Evenings at Home." It is probable that this reading, continued through life, and the daily influence of two very intelligent parents, had more to do with his real education than any course of study. His schooling was finished at a small though good neighborhood academy. He read omnivorously and with the keenest delight. Fiction, history, science, poetry—all were sources of deep interest. Such a man is always more or less independent of changing fortune.

When very young, my father spent a year in business in Washington, where he married a first cousin, Helen Woods Mac Gregor, daughter of his uncle, Nathaniel M. Mac Gregor. He then went to live at "Edgehill," the home of his paternal grandfather, very near Dumblane. His first marriage was most happy, but brief. His girl-wife died, leaving one son, Dr. Jesse Ewell, of the American Clan Gregor Society. Two years later my father contracted a second and very happy union with Alice Jane Tyler, who became the mother of eleven children, among them the writer of this sketch. She was a Virginian by long descent, related to two of our early presidents, Tyler and Monroe. Among her ancestors were the Muschetts, Kings and Westwoods, all prominent families of the Old Dominion. She was one of the best of women, a lifelong blessing to husband and children, a true type of the Virginia Christian and gentlewoman.

Under the influence of two such women, wife and mother, John Smith

Magruder Ewell could not go very far astray. He was however, of a restless nature, and intolerant of humdrum conventionality. Growing tired of Virginia, he longed for the freer West. Just before the War between the States, he resolved to risk a change, and, breaking up at Edgehill, went to Texas, taking a small band of slaves, to settle a plantation. Wife and children were left in Virginia with relatives till he could receive them in comfort. This in the autumn of 1860; but the outbreak of Civil War defeated all these plans. He came back to Virginia and entered the Commissary Service of the Confederacy. The far Southwest, which he had left was aflame with fighting zeal. My father, brought up by a mother who revered the still new Union, was not a violent partizan. He could see both sides, and was accused of being lukewarm, but as time went on and the war progressed true Southern loyalty stood out most prominently. It was a question of self-defense or being crushed under the remorseless Juggernaut which usurped for awhile the place of the original United States Government. He always made light of his services to the Confederacy, but they were at times arduous, and he suffered in consequence two serious spells of illness and a three-month's imprisonment in the Carrell's Row Prison, Washington, D. C., where the hardships were great. Some of the present-day accounts of prison life seem to me strangely familiar, as I have heard pretty much the same things before. All the cruelties of war have not been "made in Germany." But, wherever he went, John Smith Magruder Ewell made friends and found entertainment. I have heard him say that he finally left prison reluctantly, because of having to leave unfinished Wilkie Collin's "Woman in White," a borrowed book which he could not take with him.

After the war came a struggle for existence. The old pleasant leisurely life of the South was gone. Former masters were slaves to adverse circumstances. I look back with mingled pity and admiration on my elders of that time. Along with privations and unaccustomed toil which reduced or wore them out, went the truest friendship, the most unbounded hospitality, and withal a lightness of heart, a power of simple child-like enjoyment not now to be equalled. There were gay dancing-parties, tournaments, and picnics which drew together the folk from several counties, and there were also "all-day" religious meetings. What though vehicles were shabby and clothes out-of-date! What though some time was lost for the in-gathering of crops! We now have more but enjoy less. My father was sometimes impatient and sarcastic, but always yielded to his unfailing sense of human fellowship. Among his many social gifts were keen wit, a great fund of stories and anecdotes, and a rarely fine voice. He had inherited the Mac Gregor taste and fondness for music, and sang with telling expression more than a hundred songs of Old England, Scotland, and America. A few years ago he furnished several much-desired variants of old English ballads to the American Folk-lore Society—making afterwards a list of all his songs, many of them very quaint, and now out of the musical market. A few weeks before his death he sang the "Fine Old English Gentleman"



MRS. AGNES WOODS (MAC GREGOR) BOWIE.
Born 1845; Died 1918.

to a most appreciative audience. The characteristics therein described are much like those of the old-time Virginian.

Mr. Ewell died February 25, 1918, after a painful illness which toward the last clouded his bright mind, but kindness of heart remained a distinguishing trait. He was buried at Edgehill, where lie four generations of Ewells, his funeral by his own request being especially simple. A wreath of MacGregor pine took the place of flowers upon his coffin. The beautiful Episcopal burial service was read above it. Though not a professor of religion, he was a believer, and that was the Church he preferred. By its rites he was baptized, married and buried.

My father owed much to his mother's influence, and in many ways resembled her—mentally and physically. He had her finely shaped head, a massive yet well-cut face of regular outlines, and expressive gray eyes. His form was compact and upright, his hands and feet were small and shapely. He was a life-long Democrat. If asked to name the strongest trait of his character I would say it was simple human kindness. I have never known a more generous nature. Though impatient, he was forgiving. Of small meanness he was incapable. His faults were those of his time; his virtues were all his own.

He took much interest in Clan Gregor, and for several years was a member of the Society. One of the best biographical sketches, that of Mrs. Rideout Mac Gregor, was written by him. He has now gone to join the Sons of Alpine in another world.

John Smith Magruder Ewell was the son of Ellen Mac Gregor; grandson of John Smith Magruder; great grandson of Nathaniel Magruder of Dumblane; great-great grandson of John Magruder of the same place; and great-great-great grandson of Samuel Magruder, son of Alexander, the immigrant.

AGNES WOODS (MAC GREGOR) BOWIE

By CALEB CLARKE MAGRUDER, JR.

Agnes Woods (Mac Gregor) Bowie, the ninth of twelve children born to Nathaniel Mortimer Mac Gregor and Susan Euphemia Mitchell, of Edinburgh, Scotland, was born on her father's plantation in Prince George's County, Md., July 21, 1845.

Her parents subsequently moved to this city where their daughter attended Mr. Kingsford's seminary.

The Civil War found her father's sympathies so pronouncedly favorable toward the South that it was thought wise to leave the National capital and after disposing of his mercantile interests he returned to the county of his birth.

Miss MacGregor continued her studies at a private school conducted in the home of Dr. Richard Williden Bowie, where she met his son, Thomas

Trueman Somervell Bowie, to whom she was married at Trinity Church, Upper Marlborough, Md., by the Reverend Henry I. Kershaw, on December 3, 1868.

After marriage, Mrs. Bowie lived on her husband's inherited plantation known as Brookfield, on the Patuxent River near the historic old town of Nottingham, Prince George's County.

There were born her eight children, all of whom survive excepting one who died in infancy.

Herself born in comfort, the deprivations following the Civil War schooled her in adversity, and when, in later life, fortune frowned, Mr. and Mrs. Bowie came to this city in 1891, where the former was appointed to a government position in the War Department, which he held until his death, February 12, 1910.

Afterwards Mrs. Bowie made her home with her sons and daughters, and was on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. J. Thomas Norris, of Philadelphia, when suddenly stricken with a heart attack which caused her death on December 1, 1918.

Funeral services were held from St. Mark's P. E. Church, Reverend Caleb R. Stetson officiating, on December 3rd, the fiftieth anniversary of her wedding, with four sons and two sons-in-law as body-bearers, the interment being by the side of her husband in Rock Creek cemetery.

Beautiful floral offerings and the presence of many friends evidenced the regard in which she was held.

"Mrs. Bowie was gifted with considerable musical talent, the staunchest fortitude in time of trouble, indefatigable energy and a reverend devotion for the spiritual and higher aims in life."

She was always a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and while living in Prince George's County, was actively helpful in old St. Thomas Parish, and later in the Church of the Advent, Washington, where for a number of years she taught a Sabbath-day class.

Mrs. Bowie proved her reverence for her ancestry, her love for her country, and her sympathy for humanity by her membership respectively in the American Clan Gregor Society, The Magruder Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, its Chaplain from 1911 to 1914, Corresponding Secretary in 1914 and 1915, again Chaplain in 1916, and elected Chaplain for life in 1917, and the Dr. Ernest Pendleton Magruder Memorial Auxiliary of the American Red Cross.

I can personally bear witness to her interest in the last. She was "too young to knit, but she could sew," she once said to me in lighter vein, and sew she did untiringly, spurred on by her natural industry and her great desire in alleviating suffering.

I am sure the hearts of many American soldiers and sailors, as well as French, Belgian and Serbian refugees, are filled with thankfulness for this unknown humanitarian who gave with real pleasure of her means and her time that they might have food and raiment.



MRS. ANNA THOMAS MACRUDER WADE.
Born 1862; Died 1918.

From my view-point Mrs. Bowie fulfilled the highest mission of woman—motherhood of sturdy sons and daughters, all honest, honorable, and leading useful lives—for such is the pride and glory of this Republic.

Surviving children are: Nathaniel Mortimer Bowie, Richard Somervell Bowie, Rena Vernen Bowie, Mrs. Laidler Mackall, Mrs. J. Thomas Norris, John Francis MacGregor Bowie, and George Calvert Bowie.

Mrs. Bowie was the daughter of Nathaniel Mortimer MacGregor and Susan Euphemia Mitchell, granddaughter of John Smith Magruder and Eleanor Clarke (born Hall), great granddaughter of Nathaniel and Margaret Magruder (daughter of James Magruder and Barbara Combs), great-great granddaughter of John Magruder and Susanna Smith, great-great-great granddaughter of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall, great-great-great-great granddaughter of Alexander Magruder, Maryland immigrant.

MRS. ANNA THOMAS MAGRUDER WADE

By THOMAS M. WADE.

Mrs. Anna T. Magruder Wade was born on the Cabin Wood Plantation, near Port Gibson, Miss., on February 24, 1862. She was the daughter of the late Dr. Thomas Baldwin Magruder of Prince George's County, Maryland, and his wife, Sarah Olivia Dunbar of Adams County, Miss.

Mrs. Magruder, the mother of the subject of this sketch, passed away on December 28, 1864, leaving two baby girls, Anna and Rosa, to be cared for by their aged father and an older sister, a mere child. The father devoted his life to their care and training, and Anna learned in early life to be self-reliant, and devoted her girlhood life to the care of her father and to the duties of housekeeping.

She received her education in the best private schools of that day in Port Gibson, Miss., and developed into a happy, bright, energetic young woman, who was admired and loved by a large circle of friends.

She married her third cousin, Thomas Magruder Wade, who was named for her father, the family physician, on November, 21, 1883, in her father's home, Cabin Wood. She immediately came with her husband to Newellton, Tensas Parish, La., where she lived until February, 1913, when she moved to St. Joseph to live with her son, after she had been seriously injured, and remained there for four and a half years, returning to her own home at Newellton on September 27, 1917, and remained there until her death. Her husband had been engaged in educational work during their entire married life. He represented the parish in the State Legislature for sixteen years, was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1898, Chairman of the Committee on Education in that Convention, member of the State Board of Education during Governor Murphy J. Foster's second

administration, member of the Tensas Parish School Board and Superintendent of Public Schools for Tensas Parish for twenty years, and is now serving in that capacity.

One son, Thomas Magruder Wade, Jr., was the issue of this marriage. He was born June 16, 1889. This only son was educated in the public schools and the State University, and married Kate Burton LaCour on January 29, 1913, in Shreveport, La. The issue of this union was one son, Thomas Magruder Wade, III, who was born May 3, 1914, now a member of American Clan Gregor Society. Her son, Thomas M. Wade, Jr., is a rising attorney at the Bar at St. Joseph, La.

Mrs. Wade met with a serious accident on the evening of April 4, 1912, by having her horse run away with her and a woman friend, throwing them from the buggy and injuring her very seriously, as she lay unconscious for twenty-one days in the very "valley of the shadow of death," having received a fracture of the skull over the right eye. She was conveyed to the Newell Sanatorium in Chattanooga, placed in the care of her husband's nephew, Dr. Edward Dunber Newell, where she remained for forty-two days. During her stay she was greatly benefitted, and returned to her home in Newellton, La., on May 27, 1912. The warm weather during the summer was very depressing to her, and she grew weaker and very nervous, so she was taken, on the advice of physicians, to the Hotel Dieu Sanitarium, in New Orleans, La., in September, and underwent an operation to remove the pressure from the brain. This operation was a success, in so far as giving her some relief from the pressure on the brain from the fractured bone of the skull, but she was never the same bright, happy active woman she had been before the accident. All of her characteristics were greatly accentuated, and she was very nervous and depressed most of the time, though she tried to overcome the nervousness and depression, and was actively engaged in all of her household duties and lovingly ministering to the wants of husband and children, especially to the dear little grandson, who showed his love and devotion at all times.

She was a woman of strong character, a model housekeeper and home-builder, a loyal and devoted wife and mother and an active member of the Episcopal Church, having been confirmed by Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson, previous to her marriage, in the Old Christian Church, in Port Gibson, Miss., then used by the Episcopalians, as the Episcopal Church now used had not been erected. She was a great worker in all religious and social undertakings in the community, and was a leader in organizing and maintaining a Sunday School in the community before her dreadful injuries. She was greatly interested in all war work, and a constant contributor, though her health was very seriously impaired, to the Red Cross, and an active member of the local chapter of the Red Cross in her home town. She showed her Scotch blood by being loyal to the core and looked with contempt on all slackers in war work or war service.

Nothing gave her greater pleasure than to contribute something to the pleasure of others, especially the young people. Her home was always

open to them, and on many occasions the young people would collect in her hospitable home to partake of her hospitality and joyously take part in the amusements she offered them. She had many warm friends among all classes and creeds.

During the entire time of her illness and poor health she never forgot her religious duty. In her last hours, when the angel of death was hovering over her, just before she passed into unconsciousness she lay lisping the prayers to the Master, Our Lord and Saviour.

She passed away at about eight o'clock, advanced time, on the evening of June 14, 1918, only being critically ill for about three hours, from the effects of toxemia. She leaves husband, son and grandson to mourn her passing. She was buried in her husband's lot in the cemetery in Port Gibson, Miss., not far from her child and girlhood home, and within a few paces of her ancestors, who had preceded her to the grave.

She will be sadly missed by her loved ones, but they are thorough believers in the Resurrection and Everlasting Life, and feel that their separation is only for a brief period.

MARY BLANCHE MAGRUDER

By MISS HELEN WOLFE.

Mary Blanche Magruder was born October 12, 1854, at 310 E Street, Washington, D. C. Her childhood was spent in the country near Washington in the house afterwards occupied by Secretary Chase and now by St. Vincent's Orphanage. The family returned to 310 E Street, and Miss Magruder was a resident of Washington ever afterward, being much attached to the city.

Her education was begun by a governess and finished at Notre Dame Academy, Baltimore, Maryland, and at the Sacred Heart Academy at Eden Hall, Torresdale, Pa.

She was a devoted member of St. Aloysius' Catholic Church and when able, took an active interest in church societies.

Miss Magruder was a charter member of the American Clan Gregor Society; was a member of the Council and served on several committees.

Claiming descent from Major Samuel Wade Magruder, she assisted in organizing the Magruder Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was first Vice-Regent and later Regent. The latter office she held at the time of her death. The Chapter hopes to erect a memorial to her ancestor, Major Samuel Wade Magruder, in recognition of her services to the Chapter and her efforts to perfect his Revolutionary record.

Miss Magruder was a member of the Dr. Ernest P. Magruder Memorial Auxiliary of the American Red Cross. In this and other work she was as active as her health permitted.

In her girlhood, Miss Magruder contracted asthma and during the rest of her life she was rarely without a touch of that painful disease. In spite of this she was a marvel of courage and cheerfulness. To her mother she was a devoted daughter, and to her family a most loyal member.

While visiting in Springfield, Mass., she contracted pneumonia, and died from that dread disease August 28, 1919. She was buried in the family lot in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

The Magruder Chapter resolutions, passed after her death, say of Miss Magruder:

"She lived up to the best traditions of her lineage; she was always considerate, kind and courteous—an exemplary woman; true to her religion, faithful to her friends and loyal to all demands."

To which might be added, she was true to her own ideals of justice and honor.

She is survived by her sister, Mrs. Maria Cecil Wolfe of Cornwall, Pa., and by her brother, John H. Magruder of Washington. The late Dr. G. Lloyd Magruder, a distinguished physician was also a brother.

She was the daughter of Thomas Contee Magruder and Elizabeth Olivia Morgan; granddaughter of Lloyd Magruder and Ann Holmes; great granddaughter of Major Samuel Wade Magruder and Lucy Beall; great-great granddaughter of Alexander Magruder and Ann Wade; great-great-great granddaughter of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall; great-great-great-great granddaughter of Alexander Magruder, Maryland immigrant.

THEY DIDN'T OBSERVE

"No," complained the Scotch professor to his students, "ye dinna use your faculties of observation. Ye dinna use them. For instance—" Picking up a jar of chemicals of vile odor, he stuck one finger into it and then one into his mouth. "Taste it, gentlemen!" he commanded, as he passed the vessel from student to student. After each one had licked his finger, and had felt rebellion through his whole soul, the old professor exclaimed triumphantly, "I tol ye so. Ye dinna use your faculties. For if ye had observed, ye would ha' seen that the finger I stuck into the jar was nae the finger I stuck into my mouth."—*Windsor Magazine*.

"THE OFFICIAL SPRIG OF PINE"

"The official Spring of Pine, worn at the Gathering of 1919, was cut from the birthplace of Caleb Clarke Magruder (born 1808; died 1884), patented as 'Darnall's Grove,' but now known as 'The Forest,' and was furnished by his grandson, Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr."



MISS MARY BLANCHE MAGRUDER.
Born 1854; Died 1919.

MAGRUDER MARRIAGE LICENSES

Issued in Baltimore City, Md., from November 30, 1777,
to November 29, 1851.

By CALEB CLARKE MAGRUDER, JR.

Baltimore County, Maryland, was organized in 1659, and Baltimore City was included therein until ratification of the Maryland State Constitution, June 4, 1851, since which date Baltimore City has been a separate political unity, and the records of Baltimore County kept at Towson, the county seat.

Dennis F. Magruder and Rebecca B. Claggett, May 6, 1814.
Eleanor B. Magruder and Beale Owings, September 8, 1814.
Elizabeth H. Magruder and Alexander Penn, January 13, 1845.
Ellen H. Magruder and Eli G. Warfield, June 10, 1831.
Emily Magruder and James P. Wilson, July 2, 1844.
Frances A. Magruder and John H. Romyn, August 9, 1834.
Helen M. Magruder and Charles Tiernan, April 27, 1831.
Henry William Magruder and Susan Guttry, October 20, 1818.
Jane C. Magruder and Philip G. Biays, April 12, 1825.
John B. Magruder and Esther H. Von Kapff, May 17, 1831.
John R. Magruder, Jr., and Hannah Maria Levering, May 18, 1846.
Joseph Magruder and Louisa Johnson, August 4, 1851.
Richard B. Magruder and Maria Stricker, April 27, 1809.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENROLLED MEMBERS

Members enrolled since publication of Year Book of 1917.

(m) Indicates minor members.

(a) Indicates associate members.

Figures in front of names indicate enrollment numbers.

Maiden names of married members are in parentheses.

- 504 Addison, Arthur Downing, Jr., Eastville, Va.
- 495 Addison, William Strange, Eastville, Va.
- 490 Bushinger, Miss Mary Gibhart, Monte Vista, Colo.
- 496 Chewning, Henry Magruder, Jr., 420 Chestnut St., Norfolk, Va.
- 527 Clarke, Mrs. Elmer Sterling, (Virginia Mayne), 303 E. 6th St.,
York, Nebr.
- 523 Cooper, Miss Rosabella, 66 S. Clinton St., E. Orange, N. J.
- 500 Daniels, Smith Coffee, Port Gibson, Miss.
- 505 Davis, Mrs. I. Hunter (Eliza Magruder Talbot), 1505 Bernard Ave.,
Nashville, Tenn.
- 537 Dudrow, Mrs. Newman G. (Katherine Magruder), Hyattsville, Md.
- 538 Garth, Mrs. Annie Lewis, (Brickhead), Proffit, Albemarle Co., Va.

- 509 Higgins, Miss Dorothy, Rockville, Md.
- 518 Hill, Miss Regina Magruder, 909 M St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
- 492 Johnson, Edward McGar, 716 Southern Pacific Bldg., Houston, Texas.
- 511 Johnson, J. Milton, 354 E. Church St., Urbana, Ohio.
- 521 Jones, Mrs. Howard O. (Harriet Cooper), 90 Halstead St., E. Orange, N. J.
- 513 Magruder, Major Bruce, U. S. A., Wardman Park Hotel, Washington, D. C.
- 493 Magruder, Carter Bowie, U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.
- 531 Magruder, C. W., Lt. Commander, U. S. N., care of Navy Department, Washington, D. C.
- 488 Magruder, Edward Keach, Woodbrook, Charles Ave., Baltimore, Md.
- 494 Magruder, Evelina Norris, care of Lt.-Col. G. M. Magruder, U. S. Public Health Service, Norfolk, Va.
- 536 Magruder, F. B. S., Hyattsville, Md.
- 532a Magruder, Mrs. Egbert Watson (Frances Byrd Alvey), 721 Raleigh Ave., Norfolk, Va.
- 533 Magruder, George Archibald, U. S. S. Texas in Pacific Fleet (Warrant Officer), U. S. N.
- 520 Magruder, Hamline, 55 Townsend Ave., Stapleton, N. Y.
- 524 Magruder, Miss Helen Eugenia, 73 Townsend Ave., Stapleton, N. Y.
- 508 Magruder, Lyles, R. F. D. 10, Box 55, Oklahoma City, Okla.
- 522 Magruder, Robert, 73 Townsend Ave., Stapleton, N. Y.
- 525 Magruder, Miss Sallie Isola, Howard's Studio, Orlando, Fla.
- 530 Magruder, Walter Drane, 503 City National Bank Building, Canton, Ohio.
- 489 Magruder, Warren Keach, 616 Munsey Building, Baltimore, Md.
- 507 Magruder, Lt.-Col. Marshall, U. S. A., War Department, Washington, D. C.
- 503 McDougall, Miss Margaret A., Port Gibson, Miss.
- 499 Morgan, Arthur Butt, Jr., Raleigh, N. C.
- 501 Nicklin, Col. Benjamin P., U. S. A., 17 Hampden St., Springfield, Mass.
- 506 Permenter, Mrs. Shim (Mabel Magruder), 1916 Laura St., Jacksonville, Fla.
- 535M Pollock, Mary Caroline, care of Tom L. Pollock, 601 Oneida St., Denver, Col.
- 528 Rea, Mrs. Martha Magruder, Landover, Md.
- 514 Robertson, Clifford H., Rockville, Md.
- 491 Robertson, Miss Harriet Cook, 268 Arlington Ave., Baltimore, Md.
- 510 Robertson, Thomas P., 1001 Harlem Ave., Baltimore, Md.
- 539 Silver, Gray, 501 South Queen St., Martinsburg, W. Va.
- 534 Silver, Miss Martha Jane, 501 Queen St., Martinsburg, W. Va.
- 526 Taylor, George Keith, 711 Greenwood Ave., Richmond, Va.
- 497 Tutwiler, Carlos Bowie, Street Railway Co., Memphis, Tenn.

- 498 Tutwiler, Guy Isbell, Athens, Ala.
502 Tutwiler, Bruce Clarence, 641 Keel Ave., Memphis, Tenn.
519 Tompkins, Mrs. Millard (Ethel Magruder), 70 Townsend Ave., Stapleton, N. Y.
517 Vanden Berg, Mrs. O. O. (Susie May Geddes), 1343 Harvard St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
515 Watterston, Charles Joseph, 1507 Cotter Ave., Birmingham, Ala.
512 Watterston, Roderick J., Lincoln Ave., Owens, Long Island, N. Y.
529 Wilson, Mrs. John N. (Anne Magruder), Landover, Md.
516 Wright, Mrs. Clayton M. (Alice Rodgers), 70 Berwick St., Worcester, Mass.
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MARRIAGES OF CLAN MEMBERS

- Berry, Miss Elizabeth Ruff and Claude Ryland Moore, Baltimore, Md., November 16, 1915.
Bowie, Miss Helen Swann and James T. Norris, June 22, 1918, St. Mark's Church, Washington, D. C.
MacGregor, Miss Mabel Clare and Dr. Harry Weeden Sessford, October 12, 1912, Ocean View, Va.
Magruder, Miss Maria Gilmer and James Oscar Thurman, November 16, 1918, Christ Church, Charlottesville, Va.
Magruder, Oliver Graham and Miss Ruth Thornton Beven, September 6, 1916, Washington, D. C.
Magruder, Miss Cornelia Frances and William Croft Sessions, June 16, 1918, First Baptist Church, Tampa, Fla.
Magruder, Dr. Earnest Pendleton and Miss Maryel Alpina MacGregor, October 23, 1911, Edenburg, Scotland.
Magruder, Robert Harper and Miss Elizabeth Pattison Robinson, July 17, 1918, Albion, Miss.
Magruder, Miss Anne R. and Wm. C. McCormick, December 26, 1914, at the home of her aunt, Miss Mary E. Campbell, Prairie Grove, Ark.
Offcutt, Miss Nancy Graham and Grant Gilbut Simmons, May 19, 1917, at Somsville, Ky.
Pratt, Miss Elizabeth Logan and Thomas Hendricks, April 17, 1918, Shelbyville, Ky.
Wynn, Miss Sabra Loise and William Armaunt Reynaud, August 19, 1917, Huntsville, Tex.
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AMONG THE MEMBERS

Mrs. J. B. McFarland (Mae Samuella Magruder Wynn) of Houston, Texas, has been elected State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Her duties of office are to begin in the fall of 1920, at which time her term as State Recording Secretary expires. She was formerly State Regent, 1916-1917.

RULES OF THE AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY

AUTHORIZED AT THE GATHERING OF 1913, AND AMENDED AT
THE GATHERING OF 1919.

American Clan Gregor was organized on the 8th and 9th of October, 1909, at the National Hotel, Washington, D. C., and its first Rules and Regulations were adopted October 9, 1909, and amended October 29, 1910.

The name of the organization was changed to the American Clan Gregor Society on the 27th of October, 1911, and the Rules and Regulations were revised at the same date. A third revision was made at the Gathering of 1912, and these Rules were authorized at the Gathering of 1913, which were slightly amended at the Gathering of 1919.

RULES OF THE AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY.

AUTHORIZED AT THE GATHERING OF 1913, AND AMENDED AT
THE GATHERING OF 1919.

Whereas, the history of the Clan Gregor of Scotland is one in which the descendants of its members naturally feel a just pride; and

Whereas, there are in America many descendants of members of that Clan who proudly cherish the history of their ancestors; therefore,

Be it resolved, That an organization in America of the descendants of the members of the Clan Gregor of Scotland be and is hereby formed.

RULE I.

NAME.

The name of this organization shall be AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY.

RULE II.

OBJECTS.

The objects of this Society are:

1. To gather kindred together in clanship;
2. To inspire cordiality among its members;
3. To foster home ties;
4. To collect genealogical and historical records for the compilation and publication of a complete and authentic history of it and its members.

RULE III.

MEMBERS.

SECTION 1. *Members*—All persons who have complied with the requirements as hereinafter set forth and whose applications have been approved have been or are members of this Society and subject to its Rules, and Certificates of Membership may be issued accordingly to members to be designated as follows—namely: (1) Lineal Members, (2) Lineal Life Members, (3) Charter Lineal Members, (4) Charter Lineal Life Members, (5) Minor Members, (6) Minor Life Members, (7) Charter Minor Members, (8) Charter Minor Life Members, (9) Associate Members, (10) Associate Life Members, (11) Charter Associate Members, (12) Charter Associate Life Members.

SEC. 2. *Lineal Members*—Persons eligible for lineal membership are those who shall prove to the satisfaction of the Committee on Membership that they are of good reputation and that they are descended either from an ancestor bearing the surname Magruder who was born in the State of Maryland prior to the year 1812, the same being recognized as descended from the Scotch immigrant, Alexander Magruder of Maryland, or from an ancestor born prior to the year 1812 bearing one of the following surnames: Gregor, Grigor, MacGregor, MacGrigor, M'Gregor, M'Grigor, Gregory, or Gregorson.

SEC. 3. *Minor Members*—Persons eligible for minor membership are those under the age of 21 years who are descended from lineal members; at the age of 21 years of age they become voting members. All members over sixteen years of age who pay their dues may become voting members.

SEC. 4. *Associate Members*—Persons eligible for associate membership are those who shall prove to the satisfaction of the Committee on Membership that they are of good reputation and that they have been married either to a lineal member or to a person who is deceased and who would have been entitled to become a lineal member; and Associate Members shall have the right to vote and otherwise participate in the proceedings of this Society.

SEC. 5. *Life Members*—Persons eligible for life membership are members who shall pay to this Society twenty-five (\$25.00) dollars at any one time.

SEC. 6. *Charter Members* are persons who attended the organization of American Clan Gregor (Society added in 1911) in the National Hotel, in the city of Washington, in the District of Columbia, on the 8th and 9th of October, 1909, and who became members before or by the second annual Gathering in October, 1911.

RULE IV.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

SECTION 1. Application for membership shall be made upon such forms as are adopted by the Council and furnished to applicants by the Scribe.

SEC. 2. Application for membership shall be sent to the Scribe, who shall pass upon the Acceptability of the applicant and shall forward the application with a signed and dated endorsement thereon of approval or disapproval to the Chieftain, who shall pass upon the Acceptability of the applicant and shall forward the application with a signed and dated endorsement thereon of approval or disapproval to the Historian, who shall pass upon the Acceptability of the applicant and shall forward the application with a signed and dated endorsement thereon of approval or disapproval to the Registrar, who shall pass upon the Acceptability and Eligibility of the applicant and shall sign and date an endorsement thereon of approval or disapproval.

If the application is fully approved the applicant thereby becomes a member and the Registrar shall give the application the next consecutive enrollment number, shall enroll the name of the applicant in a firmly-bound enrollment book provided for that purpose, shall notify the applicant accordingly, and shall notify the Scribe and the Treasurer giving the name and address;

PROVIDED always that, in the event the application is disapproved as to Acceptability or Eligibility, the application shall be referred by the Registrar to the Chieftain, who shall present it to the Committee on Membership for approval or disapproval at a meeting thereof for the consideration of such cases, and at such meeting the Ranking Deputy Chieftain shall be a member and chairman of said committee and the action of a majority of such committee, the chairman being entitled to vote, shall be final; if approved the applicant thereby becomes a member and the application shall be given an enrollment number as of date of approval, and the same course shall be taken by the Registrar with reference to the applicant as though the application had not been referred to said committee.

SEC. 3. All approved applications and all papers evidencing membership shall be the property of this Society, shall be bound in strong and uniform books in the order of their approval, and shall be kept in a safe place subject to the control of the Council.

All disapproved applications and all papers relating thereto shall be the property of this Society and shall be kept in a safe place or the same may be destroyed or a copy without endorsement returned to the applicant, as the Council may order.

SEC. 4. Application for membership of persons under twenty-one years of age shall be made by one of their natural or legal guardians.

RULE V.

RESIGNATION AND EXPULSION.

SECTION 1. Resignations shall be presented in writing to the Chieftain and by him to the Council. The resignation of any member or officer may be accepted at any time by the Council, provided such member or officer is not liable to expulsion.

SEC. 2. Any member or officer who, in the opinion of the Council, may be found guilty of misconduct, or who may commit an act showing breach of faith to the Society, or who may become a member by means of deceit or fraud, may be expelled from the Society, but not before charges have been preferred in writing to the Chieftain and by him to the Council and a copy of such charges sent to the member or officer and an opportunity given such member or officer to be heard upon such charges by the Council.

In case of expulsion all evidence of membership and insignia of office shall be surrendered to the Chieftain by the member or officer expelled.

RULE VI.

DUES.

SECTION 1. Whenever the number of voting members is five hundred or more each voting member shall pay one dollar per annum as dues, and whenever the number of voting members is less than five hundred each male voting member shall pay two dollars per annum as dues and each female voting member shall pay one dollar per annum as dues, payable to the Treasurer at each annual Gathering for the ensuing year.

SEC. 2. The payment of twenty-five dollars at any time by a member in good standing shall exempt such member from the payment of further annual dues.

SEC. 3. Minor members shall not be required to pay dues.

SEC. 4. Any member who fails to pay dues for two years may be suspended from membership at the discretion of the Council.

RULE VII.

GATHERINGS AND MEETINGS.

SECTION 1. The Society shall hold an annual Gathering on the second Thursday and Friday of every November in the city of Washington, District of Columbia.

SEC. 2. Special Gatherings may be called by the Chieftain at his discretion as to purpose, time, and place, and shall be called at the written request of twenty-five voting members, which request shall state the nature of the business to be transacted; and no business shall be transacted at a special Gathering except that designated in the call for such Gathering.

A quorum to transact business at all Gatherings shall consist of not less than twenty-five voting members.

SEC. 3. Notice of Gatherings shall be sent by the Scribe to each voting member thirty days prior to the date set for annual Gatherings and ten days prior to the date set for special Gatherings; and notice of special Gatherings shall contain a statement of the business to be transacted thereat.

SEC. 4. The Council shall hold a meeting on the first day of each annual Gathering of the Society and also within twenty-four hours after the ad-

jourment of such Gathering and at such hour as the Chieftain may designate.

SEC. 5. Special meetings of the Council may be called by the Chieftain at his discretion as to purpose, time, and place, and shall be called by the Chieftain at the written request of five members of the Council, which request shall state the nature of the business to be transacted; and no business shall be transacted at a special meeting of the Council except that designated in the call for such meeting.

A quorum to transact business at all meetings of the Council shall consist of not less than five members thereof.

SEC. 6. Notice of all meetings of the Council, except that of the meeting occurring within twenty-four hours after the adjournment of the annual Gathering, shall be sent by the Deputy Scribe to each member of the Council at least five days prior thereto; and notice of special meetings shall contain a statement of the business to be transacted thereat.

RULE VIII.

OFFICERS.

SECTION 1. This Society may have a Chief who shall be the Hereditary Chief of the Clan Gregor of Scotland after the office has been tendered by this Society and accepted by him.

SEC. 2. This Society shall have the following officers who shall be voting members—namely: a Chieftain, a Ranking Deputy Chieftain, a Scribe, a Registrar, a Historian, a Treasurer, an Editor, a Chaplain, a Surgeon, a Chancellor, and a Deputy Scribe, who shall be elected by ballot by a majority vote of the members present at each annual Gathering, a Deputy Chieftain for the District of Columbia and for each State and insular possession of the United States who shall be appointed by the Chieftain at each annual Gathering and shall be a resident of the place for which he is appointed; and ten Councilmen who shall be appointed by the Chieftain at each annual Gathering.

SEC. 3. All elective and appointive officers shall hold office from the adjournment of the Gathering at which they are elected or appointed until the adjournment of the next annual Gathering or until their successors are elected or appointed.

SEC. 4. All officers shall be notified in writing by the Scribe of their election or appointment and shall signify in writing to the Scribe their acceptance or refusal of the same.

RULE IX.

COUNCIL.

SECTION 1. There shall be a Council consisting of the Chieftain, Ranking Deputy Chieftain, Scribe, Registrar, Historian, Treasurer, Editor, Chaplain, Surgeon, Chancellor, Deputy Scribe, and the ten appointive Councilmen.

SEC. 2. The Council shall have general care and supervision of the interests of the Society, shall fill all vacancies in the elective offices, shall have the accounts of the Treasurer audited annually, and shall attend to such other business as may be committed to it by the Society or the Chieftain.

RULE X.

CHIEFTAIN.

The Chieftain shall be a male citizen of the United States over twenty-one years of age and shall bear one of the surnames contained in Section 2 of Rule III. He shall have general supervision of the Society; shall preside at all Gatherings of the Society and meetings of the Council; shall appoint the Deputy Chieftains, the ten Councilmen, and all special committees; shall pass upon the acceptability of all applicants for membership; shall sign all certificates of membership; shall fill all vacancies in the appointive offices; shall call special Gatherings of the Society through the Scribe and special meetings of the Council through the Deputy Scribe, except the annual meeting of the Council to be called by the Chieftain within twenty-four hours after the adjournment of each annual Gathering; and shall attend to such other duties as may be assigned by the Society or the Council.

RULE XI.

RANKING DEPUTY CHIEFTAIN.

The Ranking Deputy Chieftain shall be a male citizen of the United States, over twenty-one years of age, and shall bear one of the surnames contained in Section 2 of Rule III. He shall perform the duties of the Chieftain in the event of the absence or disability of the latter, shall serve on the Committee on Membership as provided in Section 2 of Rule IV, and shall attend to such other duties as may be assigned by the Society, the Council, or the Chieftain.

RULE XII.

SCRIBE.

The Scribe shall keep accurate records of the proceedings of all Gatherings of the Society in a book provided for that purpose; shall issue notices of all Gatherings; shall conduct the correspondence of the Society; shall pass upon the Acceptability of all applicants for membership; shall sign all certificates of membership; shall notify all officers of their election or appointment and inform the Chieftain and the Deputy Scribe of any refusal of office; shall make a report at each annual Gathering; and shall attend to such other duties as may be assigned by the Society, the Council, or the Chieftain.

RULE XIII.

REGISTRAR.

The Registrar shall pass upon the Acceptability and Eligibility of all applicants for membership; shall have charge of the insignia of the Society;

shall notify applicants of their enrollment as members and send them the insignia of the Society; shall sign and issue all certificates of membership; shall notify the Scribe and Treasurer of the names and addresses of all new members; shall deposit applications which have been finally acted upon and genealogical matter in connection therewith in such place as may be designated by the Council; shall make a report at each annual Gathering; and shall attend to such other duties as may be assigned by the Society, the Council, or the Chieftain.

RULE XIV.

HISTORIAN.

The Historian shall pass upon the Acceptability of all applicants for membership; shall sign all certificates of membership; shall make a report at each annual Gathering, which report shall include a list of such members as have died during the previous year with biographical memoirs of them; and shall attend to such other duties as may be assigned by the Society, the Council or the Chieftain.

RULE XV.

EDITOR.

The Editor shall prepare for publication and have published the Year Book of the Society; shall have the Year Book copyrighted in the name of the Editor of the American Clan Gregor Society; shall obtain photographs or pictures of members of the Society, publish pictures of deceased members in the Year Book, keep a record book of such photographs and pictures, and store such photographs and pictures with other property of the Society; and shall attend to such other duties as may be assigned by the Society, the Council, or the Chieftain.

RULE XVI.

CHAPLAIN.

The Chaplain shall be a minister of the Gospel and shall officiate as such when called upon by the Society, the Council, or the Chieftain.

RULE XVII.

SURGEON.

The Surgeon shall be a practicing physician and shall give professional advice when called upon by the Society, the Council, or the Chieftain.

RULE XVIII.

CHANCELLOR.

The Chancellor shall be a lawyer duly admitted to the practice of his profession and shall give advice when called upon by the Society or its officers.

RULE XIX.

TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall collect all dues and receive money from any other source; shall deposit all money in bank to the credit of the American Clan Gregor Society; shall disburse all money by check countersigned by the Chieftain after its expenditure has been authorized in writing and approved as provided in Rule XXVII; shall keep a record of receipts and expenditures in a book provided for that purpose; shall make a report at each annual Gathering; and shall attend to such other duties as may be assigned by the Society, the Council, or the Chieftain.

RULE XX.

DEPUTY SCRIBE.

The Deputy Scribe shall keep accurate records of the proceedings of the Council in a book provided for that purpose; shall perform the duties of the Scribe in the event of the absence or disability of the latter; shall issue notices of the meetings of the Council except of the meeting called by the Chieftain within twenty-four hours after the adjournment of an annual Gathering; and shall attend to such other duties as may be assigned by the Council or the Chieftain.

RULE XXI.

DEPUTY CHIEFTAINS.

The Deputy Chieftains shall be residents of the places for which they may be appointed; shall encourage membership in the Society and otherwise aid and promote its objects; shall make a report in writing each year to the Chieftain by the 1st of October; and shall attend to such other duties as may be assigned by the Society, the Council, or the Chieftain.

RULE XXII.

COMMITTEE ON MEMBERSHIP.

There shall be a Committee on Membership which shall consist of the Chieftain, the Scribe, the Registrar, and the Historian, and it shall be the duty of this committee to pass upon all applications for membership and sign all certificates of membership. In contested cases, however, the Ranking Deputy Chieftain shall serve on the committee as provided in Section 2 of Rule IV.

RULE XXIII.

ADDRESSES—DOCUMENTS—GIFTS.

SECTION 1. All addresses and documents delivered or read before or presented to this Society and all gifts shall be the property of the Society and

shall be deposited with other property of the Society in a safe place under the direction of the Council.

SEC. 2. All addresses and documents delivered or read before the Society shall be limited to subjects within the scope of the objects of the Society; and the authorship of the same shall be restricted to members of the Society and such other persons as the Council or Committee on Membership may select.

RULE XXIV.

AMENDMENTS AND ADDITIONS.

Proposed amendments and additions to these Rules must be signed by at least ten members of this Society and sent to the Chieftain who shall submit the same to the Society if in session or at the next Gathering thereof.

RULE XXV.

INSIGNIA.

The insignia of this Society shall be as follows, namely: A sprig of pine surmounting a MacGregor tartan silk ribbon one and a half inches wide and not longer than two patterns thereof. Such insignia shall be given to each enrolled member by the Registrar and worn at the Gatherings by members only.

RULE XXVI.

CERTIFICATES OF MEMBERSHIP.

The form of Certificates of Membership shall be uniform and shall be devised by the Committee on Membership and approved by the Council; and certificates shall be issued to members only by the Registrar after being properly filled out and signed by the members of said committee acting in their official capacity. Said certificates shall be issued only upon the payment of such charges as shall be fixed by the Council and the money received therefor by the Registrar shall be turned over to the Treasurer.

RULE XXVII.

DEBTS.

No debt shall be incurred in behalf of this Society except when approved as hereinafter provided, viz.:

The Chieftain may approve the incurring of debt to the extent of twenty-five dollars.

No debt over twenty-five dollars shall be incurred without the approval of the Council or of the Chieftain together with the Treasurer and the member or officer proposing to incur the same.

RULE XXVIII.

AFFILIATION.

This Society may affiliate with such other Clan Gregor Societies as have similar objects, but only after a resolution has been passed by this Society for such purpose.

RULE XXIX.

YEAR BOOKS.

The Editor shall have printed a number of Year Books sufficient to send one to each voting member, one to each State Public Library, one to each Society affiliated with this Society, two for copyrighting, one to the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, one to the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, all to be sent by him free of charge, ten for the archives of this Society, and fifty to be turned over by him to the Treasurer for sale to members at fifty cents a copy or to non-members at one dollar a copy.

RULE XXX.

GENERAL ORDER OF PROCEEDINGS.

1. Gathering called to order by the Chieftain.
2. Prayer by the Chaplain.
3. Reports of Special Committees.
4. Report of the Scribe.
5. Report of the Treasurer.
6. Report of the Registrar.
7. Report of the Historian.
8. Report of the Editor.
9. Address of the Chieftain.
10. Unfinished business.
11. New business.
12. Papers and addresses.
13. Election and installment of officers.
14. Appointment of Deputy Chieftains, Councilmen, and Special Committees.
15. Adjournment.

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